93318

The CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

GEORGE BRACKENBURY

Accompanied by forty double tinted Plates.

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

London. Published Nov.r 27.th 1855 by
PAUL & DOMINIC COLNAGHI & C.o 13 & 14 PALL MALL EAST
Publishers to Her Majesty

LONGMAN BROWN GREEN & LONGMANS PATERNOSTER ROW

This Work is produced by Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen

Free Library

THE

CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA:

An Historical Sketch,

BY

GEORGE BRACKENBURY,

LATE SECRETARY AT KADIKOI TO THE HONORARY AGENTS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY FUND.

SEP 1893

94164.

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTY PLATES,

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

LONDON:

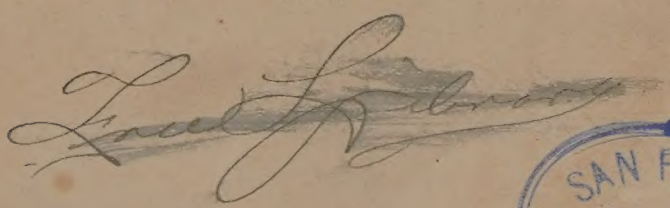
PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI AND CO., PALL MALL EAST,

Publishers to Her Majesty;

AND

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.



SAN FRANCISCO FREE PUB

940.28
B725

LONDON:
Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq

975
9

PREFACE.

In offering to the Public the following pages, designed to illustrate Mr. Simpson's series of drawings of the "Seat of War in the East," the Author is fully conscious how far his humble efforts fall short of what is due to the merits of these admirable productions, and to the genius of the accomplished artist. He is no less sensible that the slight historic sketch of the principal events of the War, from its commencement up to the middle of last winter, which forms the earlier portion of the Work, is but a too inadequate tribute to the bravery, the endurance, and the self-devotion of the noblest and most glorious Army which ever poured forth its blood in defence of the liberties and of the honour of England. But, whatever may be his short-comings in these and other respects, he will feel that he has not written quite in vain if he shall have succeeded in throwing one additional ray of light on the spirit-stirring and pathetic story, every detail of which has an absorbing interest for millions of his fellow-countrymen, and in cancelling one fraction of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to the most chivalrous and heroic of her sons.

A portion of these pages was already in the press when the long-desired intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol gladdened the public heart;

allusions may, therefore, occur in them which that great event has robbed, in a measure, of their appropriateness; but it has not been thought necessary to alter or erase them in consequence, since every hour the Telegraph may bring news which may throw the most recent occurrences into a comparative antiquity.

The Author must not omit to acknowledge his obligations to the able and spirited letters of the correspondents of the London press, especially to those of the gifted and brilliant "Times Correspondent," as well as to the private letters of a dear and valued friend, which describe, with the simple eloquence of truth, the stirring events in which he has borne a distinguished part, from the first starting of the expedition until the present day.

London, September 1855.

THE MALAKOFF, OR ROUND TOWER,

FROM THE TWENTY-ONE GUN BATTERY.

This sketch, forming the frontispiece, represents the Round Tower as it appeared after the first day's bombardment. The tower, which is round only on the side facing our attack, was never repaired or remounted with guns, as it presented too lofty and distinct a mark to the allied artillery.

The defences of the Malakoff, so long maintained by the Russians, and at last so nobly won by the French, consisted in the subjacent and surrounding earth-works, which the enemy strengthened continually during the progress of the siege. The nature and importance of this work are thus graphically described in Marshal Pelissier's admirably lucid despatch of the 14th September.

"This work, which is a sort of earthen citadel of 350 metres in length, and 150 metres in width, armed with 62 guns of different calibre, crowns a mamelon, which commands the whole of the Karabelnaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan, which was attacked by the English, is only 1200 metres from the South Harbour, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians, namely, the bridge thrown across the roadstead from one bank to the other."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it was the capture of this powerful work which virtually terminated the siege.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Historical Introduction	1
The Cavalry Affair of the Heights of Bulganak	57
Balaklava, looking towards the Sea	58
The Gale off the Port of Balaklava	60
Sebastopol from the Rear of the English Batteries	63
Charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade	65
Second Charge of the Guards at the Battle of Inkermann	68
Lord Raglan's Head-Quarters at Khutor Karagatch	70
Distant View of Lord Raglan's Head-Quarters before Sebastopol	71
A Quiet Day in the Diamond Battery. Portrait of Lancaster Sixty-eight Pounder, 15th December, 1854	71
The Field of Inkermann	73
Sentinel of the Zouaves before Sebastopol	75
Commissariat Difficulties. The Road from Balaklava to Sebastopol at Kadikoi, during the wet weather	76
The Graves in the Fort on Cathcart's Hill of the Officers of the Fourth Division who fell at Inkermann	77
Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade, 25th October, 1854	79
Huts and Warm Clothing for the Army	81
Camp of the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol	82
Camp of the First Division, looking North towards the Camp of the Second Division: the Heights of Inkermann in the distance	83
Sebastopol from the Twenty-six Gun Battery, on the Extreme Right of the French Attack	84
Head of the Harbour, Sebastopol	85

PAGE

Graves at the Head of the Harbour of Balaklava 86

Sebastopol from the Sea. Sketched from the Deck of H.M.S. Sidon . 87

Embarkation of the Sick at Balaklava, looking South . . . 89

A Quiet Night in the Batteries. A Sketch in the Greenhill Battery (Major Chapman's), 29th January, 1855 91

The Camp of the Second Division, looking East. January, 1855 . . 92

The Ruins of Inkermann, and City of Caverns 93

Highland Brigade Camp, looking South 94

The Railway at Balaklava 96

The New Works at the Siege of Sebastopol on the Right Attack. From the Mortar Battery on the Right of Gordon's Battery . . 98

A Christmas Dinner on the Heights before Sebastopol . . . 99

Sebastopol from the East, or Extreme Right of English Attack . . 101

View from the Heights above Balaklava, looking towards Sebastopol. Showing the Ground of the Battles of the 25th October and of the 5th November, 1854, and the Line of our Defences since the 25th of October 102

Excavated Church in the Caverns of Inkermann, looking West . . 103

A Hot Day in the Batteries 104

A Hot Night in the Batteries 105

Valley of the Shadow of Death. Caves in the Woronzoff Road, behind the Twenty-one Gun Battery 106

Russian Rifle-Pit; now part of the British advanced Trenches, on the Left of the Right Attack, or Gordon's Battery 107

Prince Woronzoff's Palace, near Yalta, on the South Coast of the Crimea 108

The Monastery of Saint George and Cape Fiolente, looking West . . 110

The Lighthouse at Cape Chersonese, looking South . . . 111

The Malakoff, or Round Tower; from the Twenty-one Gun Battery (Frontispiece) . . . . . Introduction, p. v.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

THE spring of 1851 witnessed a ceremony as imposing, perhaps, as any in the world's history.

Beneath the roof of a palace, constructed with a rapidity only rivalled by the fairy structures of the Arabian Nights, and whose boldness of design, and exquisite delicacy of detail, formed at once the apology and the vindication of an age, supposed to be more devoted to the engrossing pursuits of commerce than to the cultivation of those arts which have shed so bright a lustre on other times, had been gathered the products of the Civilisation of the Universe. Every country in Europe, and, in a less degree, each quarter of the globe, found itself here represented, in its arts and sciences, its commerce and its industry. The softening of international prejudices, and the increased facilities of communication, which resulted from nearly forty years of uninterrupted European tranquillity, had prepared the way for the great congress of all nations within this temple of peaceful progress; where the fair-haired son of the farthest North might gaze in wondering admiration on the bright eyes and raven locks of the Andalusian girl, where nationalities the most opposed merged themselves in the common fraternity of mankind, and where prejudices the most inveterate were effaced, spite of themselves, in the presence of the *genius loci*.

The inauguration of this scene of more than fabled magnificence, and more than Oriental splendour, was the grateful task of that gracious Lady, whose pure domestic life, no less than her exalted public virtues, had rendered her name symbolic in the hearts of her subjects with the highest of bloodless triumphs, as it has since become of sterner and more terrible achievements.

Deep as must have been her interest in the scene, it was yet heightened by the reflection that at her side, and united to her by a tie almost unknown in former alliances of royalty, stood the originator of the scheme; he whose well-cultivated mind had conceived, and whose faith in his fellow-men had matured, spite of discouragement and opposition, a plan so gigantic that its failure would have been as little a disgrace, as its success proved beyond the most sanguine expectation.

Peace with folded wings brooded in the pure sunny atmosphere over her temple and her worshippers,—Peace, in her fairest and gayest form, and few could have been found amidst the motley throng who offered at her shrine, who did not fondly deem that her reign, if not eternal, was far indeed from any abrupt termination. Men, as they looked in one another's eyes, and grasped each other's hands, felt an electric message of love, good-will, and progress, thrill through their frames—the public prints were loud in their congratulations, and the peace party and their opponents believed themselves equally remote from the possibility of putting the new theories of world government to the rude and shattering test of practical experience.

If, indeed, some sacrificers to Nemesis believed that this unruffled calm must perforce portend a storm, far indeed were they from conjecturing in what quarter it was gathering, or where it would burst in fury. Some uneasy glances were still cast across the narrow strip of sea,—narrower now than ever, thanks to the wondrous development of steam,—on the opposite shore of which the jealous eye of fear would picture the gathering legions of the greatest military power of the West, the hereditary foe and rival of England's greatness, ready to swoop down at the bidding of one iron and irresponsible will on the "inviolate island," scattering death and destruction around, and leaving her gardens desolate; thus avenging a memory which has long since been effaced by the fraternal mingling of the two nations' blood on many a well-fought field.

If Russia was remembered, it was in the mood of congratulation, not of fear; and her contributions to the World's Palace were hailed as the evidences of her progressing civilisation, and of her determination to vindicate for herself a foremost position in the amicable contests of the great family of nations.

These remarks must be understood as applying more to the public in general, whose political speculations are necessarily confined pretty nearly

within the limits of what is brought from day to day within their field of intellectual vision, than to statesmen and diplomatists, who are not only compelled by their position to take a wider view of the aspect of the political horizon, but whose peculiar sources of information give them an insight into matters which are beyond the sphere of the periodical purveyors to the public curiosity. To men of this class it had indeed been long apparent that the next serious disturbance of the European equilibrium would, in all human probability, arise from inevitable complications in the East. The hereditary pretensions of Russia in that quarter were not unfamiliar to their minds, and they were well aware that the specious tranquillity, so long enjoyed, was due at least as much to the self-denial and guardedness of the other European Powers, as to the moderation of the Muscovite.

It was under the influence of these considerations that the French Alliance was prepared and cemented, and that the Emperor Napoleon III., forgetful of the bitter attacks to which, since the period of the *coup d'état*, he had been constantly exposed on the part of the English Press, and mindful only of his own exalted mission, inaugurated that policy of upright and cordial co-operation with this country, which will ever entitle him to the respect of all true Englishmen. His rapid and almost instinctive appreciation of the true position of affairs taught him the immense importance of such a combination; and, in the wisest and most laudable spirit of self-abnegation, he waived those claims of France upon the Sublime Porte which might have introduced an embarrassing complication into the already intricate question of the East; and thus brought into the scale of progress and civilisation the concentrated energy of that magnificent people, whose prescient choice he has so amply justified in every action of his prosperous reign.

If, as it is scarcely possible to deny, the actual breaking out of the War seized by surprise even those charged with the supreme management of affairs, and who should have been best qualified to judge of the final probabilities of a rupture, it must be remembered that it was difficult for men trained, by forty years of peace, in the knowledge of how much Diplomacy could effect, to realise that her powers would be so soon exhausted, and no resource left but an appeal to arms.

Certain it is that a long time elapsed ere this conviction could be brought home to the bulk of the English people, and even after decisive steps, of whose import it was difficult to doubt, had been taken, there was

a general unwillingness to believe that the scabbard was on the eve of being thrown aside, and that the nation was on the brink of a war of colossal proportions, and of a duration which the profoundest vatic skill would hesitate to determine.

This sentiment was in some measure neutralised by another, which was the deep feeling and the profound sympathy with which the departure of our first armaments from these shores was regarded, whilst their destination was still uncertain, and their return with unstained swords still a matter within the range of probability. There seemed to be a prophetic element in the deep fervour of that farewell which England breathed in a spirit of prayer to the noblest of her sons, as they left her parent bosom, to which, alas ! so many were never to return.

The 22d of February is eventful as the day on which the first portion of our Army left these shores to take a part in the coming War. At an early hour in the morning Southampton presented an unusual scene of excitement. At half-past eight o'clock the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards marched in from Chichester, and at once embarked in the Orinoco. Soon after ten o'clock the Third Battalion of Grenadiers, who had come from London by train, marched down to the docks, and were put on board the Ripon and Manilla.

For some time the three ships lay motionless, but at two o'clock a thin wreath of smoke from the little Manilla recalled the reality of the scene, as she leisurely steamed out of the docks. The Ripon was not long in following, and at five the Orinoco got under weigh, having on board Generals Bentinck and Eyre.

Nobody who was at Southampton on that morning is likely to forget the scene. Perhaps the departure of no troops could have excited the same depth of feeling as that of the Guards.

Other regiments at stated intervals leave England to take their allotted share of foreign service, but, except upon special occasions, the Guards are always retained at home. They form, as it were, a very part of our domestic retinue, a constant feature in our daily London walk. "The Guards are going," people said ; "that looks like work." The splendour of the scene was merged in the pain. Who could view unmoved the sobbing grief of mothers, wives, and sisters, and the more silent but not less touching sorrow of the Soldier, as he left, perhaps for ever, "all that made life dear" ?

As I write, I still think I feel the firm grasp, and see the pale face of

many a hero, whose hold is now for ever relaxed, and whose face is for ever paled! The steady advance at Alma, the furious mêlée at Inkermann, and the more stealthy but no less fatal hand of disease, have made sad havoc among those gallant men who united souls of iron to hearts of flesh.

This first detachment of troops was speedily followed by the departure of the Himalaya, conveying the Second Battalion of the Rifles, and the 93d regiment; the whole number of men embarked in her exceeded 1200, each of whom, it may be confidently asserted, enjoyed a degree of comfort and ease unknown and undreamed of by their brave predecessors in the Peninsular War, confided as they were to the "tender" mercies of crazy sailing transports.

Gradually the first instalment of the British expeditionary army, amounting to about 10,000 men, reached Malta; and, after several weeks of tedious inaction, Sir George Brown, who had just arrived from England, sailed with the Rifles for Gallipoli, where he was speedily joined by large numbers of French and English troops. War had now been officially declared; and on the 10th of April Lord Raglan, whose long and distinguished services both in the field and at the Horse Guards, no less than the high opinion entertained of him by the late Duke of Wellington, pointed him out as the fittest successor of that great man, took his departure for Constantinople by way of Paris, in order to assume the command of our Army in the East. Fresh delays occurred at Gallipoli, where large intrenched works were constructed, for the purpose, as was conjectured, of securing a *pied à terre*, in order to face every eventuality, but more probably for the sake of accustoming troops, fresh from the inactive routine of home service, to the severe and laborious exertions inseparable from extensive siege operations.

These the increasingly serious aspect of the War seemed to designate as inevitable, and, indeed, already public attention in England had begun steadily to turn in the direction of one little spot on the vast map of the Russian dominions, whose name a few months before had raised but very indeterminate geographical ideas in the minds even of well-informed men.

Whatever may be said as to the actual policy of the expedition to the Crimea, viewed in reference to that proportion of means to an end without which the most brilliant conception may generate the most lamentable failure, it cannot be denied that the popular instinct, which regarded Sebastopol as the symbol and the rallying point of the coming struggle, was sound and just. Whether the contest was for the defence of

Turkey from her unscrupulous assailant, or for the reduction of the preponderance in the Black Sea of a power whose aim at universal dominion, and whose tendencies to commercial exclusiveness, were alike to be dreaded, it was here that either question would receive its decisive solution. Sebastopol was no less a constant and alarming menace to the Porte, than the mistress of the naval superiority of the Euxine. Its remote position, sheltered by nature, and by the political status of the East, from the curious observation of other powers, afforded peculiar facilities for the construction and accumulation of ships and munitions of war, whilst its admirable harbour served both as a hiding-place from which to dart on an unsuspecting prey, and an inaccessible retreat in case of danger or repulse. Its importance was illustrated by, but not derived from, the unhappy and disgraceful affair at Sinope, when a Russian fleet of vastly superior force, and in violation of the most solemn engagements, wantonly and barbarously destroyed a number of Turkish vessels lying at anchor in peaceful unconsciousness of danger. Most of the perpetrators of this atrocious butchery have gone to render their account to that God, whose name has been so frequently invoked to consecrate crimes the most abhorrent to his nature, and this consideration may serve to temper the indignation with which a contemporary narrator recalls so horrible a transaction. The last expiring cry from the lips of those heroic Turks, who knew how to die, but had never learned to yield, found a stern and terrible echo in the universal shout for vengeance, which arose from the startled West, as soon as the fatal intelligence was known.

The destruction of Sebastopol, it was felt, could alone atone for the foul outrage to which her walls had promised impunity, and the expedition to the Crimea became the fatal and necessary pendant to the massacre of Sinope.

The summer campaign in Turkey, though not so brilliant as had been anticipated by those at home, whose last recollections of a state of war were associated with Waterloo, had not been altogether barren in results. The raising of the siege of Silistria, and ultimately the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities, were among them; and while it would be unjust to deny to the stubborn valour of the Turks, and to the unparalleled sagacity of their leader, their share in bringing these events about, it can scarcely be supposed that they could have achieved them, unaided by the Allies. The details of this period do not enter into the scope of our

narrative; but it is impossible, in referring to it, to pass over in silence that dread visitation which decimated our own and the French Troops, and whose mournful shadow throws into brighter relief the unfading glories of their subsequent exploits. It is as difficult to recognise in the cool and determined victors of the Alma the men who had been weakened by the most trying of diseases, and disheartened by the loss of so many of their comrades during a period of inaction, as it is to realise that many of the regiments which they composed, witnessed then, for the first time for forty years, shots fired in anger.

One other memory saddens at once and hallows the story of that summer campaign—the fate of the heroic and self-devoted Butler. The first British officer who fell in actual contest with the foe, he contributed by his cool sagacity, his judicious counsels, his unwearying activity, and his unparalleled personal daring, to the triumphant issue of the Siege of Silistria, vindicated on a new theatre the ancient glories of the British arms, and set that bright example which has since been so often and so nobly emulated. The fresh green laurels which should have crowned his brow lie sadly in the shadow of the cypress above his grave; and cold, indeed, must be the heart which can deny the tribute of a tear to the premature quenching of so brilliant a promise of future excellence.

It is time, however, to return to the more immediate subject of these pages.

From the moment when the expedition to the Crimea was finally decided upon, the Turkish town and harbour of Varna presented a scene as novel as it was animated. Vast quantities of munitions of war, and of every description of provisions, were rapidly collected within the town, whose granaries and storehouses seemed incapable of containing the enormous stores constantly imported by illimitable strings of arabas, mules, horses, and donkeys; and yet, day after day, the cry was still, "they come." Meanwhile the harbour was gradually filling with a huge fleet of transports, ranging in size from the iron-ribbed leviathan of the deep to the smallest craft capable of ploughing the Euxine. These unwonted marvels are stated to have roused even the Turks from their prescriptive *nil-admirari* condition of apathy, and the streets of Varna were crowded with a motley crew, in whose bustle and activity the distinction between Christians and Orientals was well-nigh merged.

Towards the end of July our troops were busily and constantly employed in the construction of fascines, gabions, and sand-bags, terms which

SAN FRANCISCO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

subsequent events have rendered so familiar to the English mind that any explanation of them here would be superfluous; and the destination of the expedition was perhaps hinted to the observant, by the gallant and successful reconnaissance of Sebastopol made about this time by Sir George Brown and his Staff in the Fury. Under the cover of night she ran into the harbour to within 2000 yards of the batteries, and, having remained there until some hours after daybreak, she steamed back on receiving a somewhat angry notice to quit from the guns of the batteries, but not until the object of her mission had been fully and satisfactorily accomplished.

Some delay in the preparations of the Allies, and considerable damage to their "matériel," were occasioned by a vast conflagration, which broke out in Varna, and after raging with incredible fury destroyed a very large portion of the town. The origin of the fire was ascribed to the Greeks, and some of them who were caught *in flagrante delicto*, stimulating the progress of the flames, met with summary justice at the hands of the incensed soldiery. The coolness, energy, and determination with which the troops laboured to extinguish the fire, though surrounded on all sides by combustible materials of the most frightful description, and liable at any moment to be blown into the air, were beyond all praise, and were justly hailed as a happy augury of what might be anticipated from the same men in face of an enemy.

This event was the last which tried the courage and patience of the expeditionary force, and on the 25th of August Marshal St. Arnaud raised the spirits of the French Army to the highest pitch, by an order of the day, in which, after paying a handsome tribute to their English and Ottoman Allies, he announced, that it was in the Crimea that they must seek to emulate the traditional glories of the First Empire. A day or two after this eagerly-looked-for information the embarkation of both French and English commenced, and was completed about the 4th of September.

On the 7th the expedition, consisting of 600 transports, convoyed by a fleet mounting in all 3000 guns, sailed from Baltschik.

The weather was lovely, and it was difficult in gazing on the calm expanse of the Euxine, its bright scarcely ruffled waves coquetting with the grim-looking men-of-war which floated so proudly on their surface, to realise that that lake-like sea could ever be murked by overshadowing clouds and lashed into fury by the winds. It is interesting to contrast this stately Armada, the largest, most powerful, and most admirably equipped

the world has ever seen, with the fragile vessels in which the Goths, after *their* conquest of the Crimea, traversed these very waters, in their piratical quest of fresh countries to plunder and lay waste. They were called *camaræ*, and were, says Gibbon, "slight flat-bottomed barks, framed of timber only, without the least mixture of iron, and occasionally covered with a shelving roof on the appearance of a tempest." In these "floating-houses" the daring barbarians of those days trusted themselves to the dangers of an unknown sea, braved the fleets of the Emperor of the world, and, after ravaging the fairest cities of his empire, returned laden with plunder to their remote starting-place. But the modern Goths, though possessed of a fleet constructed with all the aids and appliances of western science, counting many ships of the first class, armed with metal of the heaviest calibre, have constantly declined the contest, and, shrinking behind the granite shelter of their fortifications, have permitted the tricolor of France and the immemorial flag of England to menace and insult with impunity every inch of their sea-board, and every maritime position of their empire. The heroes of Sinope have avoided every engagement under less advantageous circumstances than those which enabled them to crush by mere force of numbers a defenceless and unsuspecting foe, and the destruction of the Tiger illustrates the conditions on which alone they will take up the gauntlet thrown down to them by the Allies. No attempt was made by the Russian Admirals to interfere with the progress of the expedition. The huge fleet of transports, crowded with soldiers, and so widely dispersed over the sea that when they reached the rendezvous three days elapsed before the latest stragglers took up their position, was not only unmolested but unmenaced. A few cruisers, guided by able and enterprising commanders, and under the cover of night, might have compromised the success of the undertaking, and must have caused incalculable mischief, damage, and confusion; and the fact that no such attempt was made, while it demonstrates the prestige of the Allied Navies, will ever remain an inexplicable and ineffaceable blot in the history of the Russian Marine.

On the morning of Thursday, the 14th September, after making a demonstration towards Eupatoria on the preceding day, and leaving a small garrison in the town, which had surrendered at once on our appearance, the disembarkation of the French and British troops commenced simultaneously—a boat's-crew of the former nation having been the first to leap on shore, and plant their flag on the soil of the Crimea. The

infantry was nearly all landed before the evening, but the disembarkation of the artillery and cavalry did not take place until the following day. The French force amounted to nearly 24,000 men, while our own mustered 27,000, distributed among the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Light, and Cavalry Divisions.

The First Division was commanded by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with Major-General Bentinck and Sir Colin Campbell as his Brigadiers.

Sir De Lacy Evans had charge of the Second Division, one Brigade of which was intrusted to Brigadier-General Pennefather, and the other to the late Brigadier-General Adams.

Sir Richard England commanded the Third Division, supported by Brigadiers Sir John Campbell and Eyre.

The Fourth Division was under the orders of Sir George Cathcart, the Brigadiers being Generals Goldie and Torrens.

The Light Division, under Sir George Brown, had as Brigadiers, Major-General Codrington, who now commands it, and Brigadier-General Buller.

The Light Cavalry Brigade was commanded by the Earl of Cardigan, and the Heavy Brigade by Brigadier-General Scarlett, the whole Division being under the orders of the Earl of Lucan.

Sir John Burgoyne had the chief command of the Engineers.

These details derive a melancholy interest from the changes which time, sickness, and death, have worked in the relative position of the gallant men to whom England, in her hour of need, looked for their services, and did not look in vain. The last of the original Generals of Division returned home the other day. The protracted struggle he had waged, with hardship, exposure, and mental harass, at length overcame him as it had done his colleagues, and compelled him to seek rest and re-invigoration from his native air. The graves on Cathcart's Hill tell a sadder tale, and render a bitterer account of many of the names just enumerated; and it fearfully realises the terrible nature of the War, to reflect how short an interval of time has sufficed to transfer those names from the muster-rolls of the Army to the eternal scroll of Fame.

No gloomy forebodings, however, of this nature damped the ardour with which all ranks, from the General to the recruit, set foot for the first time on Russian soil. The landing had been effected with a success the most sanguine could scarcely have looked for. Sebastopol was before

them, and a dreary period of weariness and inaction was about to be replaced by the chequered incidents and ever novel excitements of a campaign. The spot selected for disembarkation was a narrow strip of beach or causeway between the sea and one of those salt-water lakes so common in the Crimea :

> "On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water."

To the south of this causeway rose, at a gentle elevation, a plateau conducting into the interior of the country, and it was here that our army passed their first night in an enemy's land. The day, independent of its own overwhelming interest, had not been uneventful in incidents of a more dramatic nature. In the morning, a Russian Officer, well mounted, and attended by three Cossacks, was seen coolly taking notes in his memorandum-book, as he rode along the cliff, of the number and disposition of the fleet, of which he was also observed to make a sketch. He was within rifle range, but was permitted to obtain whatever information he required unmolested : nor was this forbearance without its share of policy, since the substance of his observations could scarcely have been of an inspiriting nature to the Russians.

Later in the day, Sir George Brown, in pushing a reconnaissance too far without a sufficient escort, narrowly escaped being cut off by a party of Cossacks, who had been hidden from his view by an intervening eminence. He was only saved from capture by the timely fire of a piquet of Fusiliers and Riflemen, who put the Cossacks to flight, and drew the first blood of the campaign, by wounding a poor arabajee, who unfortunately happened to be in their line of fire.

During the disembarkation, a Russian camp, which had been discovered about eight miles to the south of the landing-place, was shelled by the Sampson, the Fury, and the Vesuvius, and by three French steamers, with great success. The practice of the Sampson was excellent, and her shells fell with such accuracy into the centre of the camp, that it was speedily destroyed, and the soldiers compelled to seek shelter in the interior of the country.

Such were the events of the Allies' first day in the Crimea, and if they were, as all will allow, of an encouraging character, it must be equally confessed, that the trials of their first night's experience of the hostile soil were such as might well have damped any ardour less unqualified than theirs.

In order to be enabled to dispose of as many effective men as possible, Lord Raglan had decided that all tents and officers' baggage should be left behind; and the men were landed with nothing but a small kit, their arms and ammunition, and the officers with their great-coats, haversacks, and revolvers; all carrying three days' rations, consisting of salt meat and biscuit. The day had been showery, and towards night the sky became completely overcast, and heavy rain began to fall. In spite of this, officers and men had fallen busily to work, and had prepared for their first bivouac, by collecting heaps of weeds, and of the fragrant shrubs with which the soil was covered and the air scented.

On these Arcadian couches, which, with a higher temperature and beneath a serener sky, a Sybarite might not have disdained, our tentless Army betook themselves to repose. As the night wore on, the rain increased in violence, and for hours it poured down in sheets of water, whose weight and volume mocked the powers of resistance of great-coats and blankets, and only found an impervious aquascutum in the human skin. The General and the private soldier shared the exposure alike, and one only embraced in the former category, thanks to the care of his staff, was provided with shelter from this "pitiless pelting." All were alike rejoiced when daylight enabled them to rise from the pools into which their bed-places had been converted, and, by a process the secret of which is confined to campaigners, obtain fire from such pieces of damp brush-wood as could be collected on the spot, and thus cook their meal, which, if not a sumptuous one, wanted not at any rate the most undeniable of sauces. During the day the Artillery and the Cavalry were landed in spite of a heavy sea and a dangerous surf, and, though some horses were lost, this difficult operation was accomplished on the whole most successfully.

The three following days were spent in recruiting the strength of the men, and in the indispensable preparations for an advance in the direction of the river Alma, on the opposite bank of which it was now understood that the enemy held a strongly intrenched position in considerable force. On the 18th Lord Raglan gave orders that the tents which had been landed after the discomforts of the first night should be struck at daybreak, and sent back on board ship; and on the 19th this order was carried out, and the Allies commenced their forward movement in the direction of Sebastopol.

As we are approaching a period marked by events whose interest is

even now almost as intense as at the moment when they occurred, and whose stirring nature will give small scope for digression in the narrative, it may not be amiss, ere we are carried along in the full rush of the resistless tide, to avail ourselves of this opportunity to take a brief glance at the geography of the invaded country, and the then resources and prospects of its defenders. In the former of these inquiries we shall be much indebted to the accurate research and clear statements of Mr. Milner's recent work on the Crimea, who thus commences a more extended sketch of the physical geography of the country than would be consistent with our limits. "The Crimea, formerly called Crim Tartary, and in remoter times known by the designation of Taurica Chersonesus, is a peninsula on the Northern Shore of the Black Sea, projecting into it from the mainland of Southern Russia. It forms part of the extreme South-Eastern corner of Europe. The territory henceforth of celebrity in our annals lies between the meridians of 32° 45′ and 36° 39′ East longitude, and between the parallels of 44° 40′ and 46° 5′ North latitude; thus corresponding in its latitudinal position with the North of Italy and the South of France. It extends rather more than 130 miles from North to South, by 170 miles from West to East; but the latter direction embraces a long narrow strip of country abutting eastward from the main mass. The total area is estimated at 10,050 square miles, which is equal to that of our own principality of Wales, with the addition to it of the English border-counties."

This peninsula is joined to the mainland by the Isthmus of Perekop, which is about seventeen miles in length by five in breadth, and is so nearly flush with the level of the seas on either side as to countenance the not improbable hypothesis that the Crimea was once actually an island. There are three small peninsulas comprised within the main one, to all of which a peculiar interest of their own, derived from the history either of the past or of the present, is attached. The first of these, the Spit of Arabat, is a narrow strip of land seventy miles in length, and often not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, dividing the Putrid Sea from the Sea of Azoff, which communicate with each other through the confined channel of the Strait of Genatch or Genitchi. "Here," adds the author from whom we have quoted above, "a bridge connects the peninsula with the mainland of Russia, and by this route the chief intercourse between the Eastern part of the Crimea and the Continent was carried on." But, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Sir Edmund Lyons and the officers of the fleet, and to the enterprise,

coolness, and intelligence of Captain Lyons, of the Miranda, whose premature fate, following instantaneously on his brilliant successes, awoke so deep a sympathy in Queen and nation, this route has long been closed, as the Russians have already learned to their cost, in their increased and increasing commissariat difficulties.

The second peninsula is that of Kertch, on the East, which is also associated with one of the most successful of our naval exploits, and is historically memorable as the seat, for eight centuries, of the kingdom of the Bosphorus.

The third minor peninsula, the *Chersonesus Heracleotica* of the ancients, situate on the South-west coast, and bounded by the sea and by a line drawn from the upper end of the harbour of Sebastopol to the head of that at Balaklava, and in part by the River Tchernaya, "includes the Southern side of Sebastopol, the camps, batteries, and trenches, of the Allies before it, and the ground occupied by their army of observation." It thus comprises the theatre of a siege which carries back the imagination to that of Troy, and the hard contested battle-fields of Balaklava, Inkermann, and the Tchernaya; its soil is enriched with some of the most precious blood of England, France, and Sardinia, and its time-honoured and classic associations augmented by memories of more recent date, but of no less sacred and heroic character. It is with this portion of the Crimea that our present narrative will henceforth have chiefly to deal, since, with the exception of the battle of the Alma and the flank march to Balaklava, all the great events of the campaign connected with this series of Mr. Simpson's drawings occurred there. These drawings, whose wonderful accuracy will render them as indispensable to the future historian of the War as their graphic and life-like delineations make them a *sine quâ non* to all who are now interested in it (and who is not?), will give a far more pleasing and easily realised idea of the character and features of this part of the country than any verbal description, however elaborate; and to them the reader is accordingly referred.

With regard to the Russian resources in men and *matériel*, the data are still insufficient on which to form a correct opinion; and, amidst many conflicting statements, it becomes a very difficult task to evolve the exact truth. The results of the siege have, however, proved that it would not be easy to overstate the vast accumulation of *matériel* which the course of years, and the constant care and prevision of the

late Emperor, had garnered in Sebastopol. During these protracted operations every gun in the place, and their name is Legion, must have been renewed more than once; and only those who have beheld the pavement of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can thoroughly realise the enormous quantities of shot and shell which have been vomited from those iron mouths towards the trenches and batteries of the Allies; nor can the stock of provisions have fallen far short of a similar scale. When we reflect on the difficulties which attended our own land-transport during the winter, over a distance never exceeding seven miles, it is almost impossible to doubt that Liprandi's army must have frequently been compelled to draw upon the resources of Sebastopol, which must also have been largely drained by the garrison itself. The forces at the disposal of Prince Menschikoff, in the whole of the Crimea, were estimated, at the time of the expedition, according to Sir James Graham's statement before the Sebastopol Committee, at 70,000 men, of whom 40,000 were supposed to form the garrison of the place. This was in all probability a tolerably accurate computation,—but the numbers were largely increased before the battle of Inkermann,—and this enormous force had to depend for subsistence on provisions brought by way of Kertch or Perekop, across snow-covered steppes, and by animals who must have perished by thousands on the way, or to eke out the deficiency by what could be afforded them from the town. One of these sources of supply, and that one by far the most commodious and important, has since been stopped; but, though there are now symptoms of distress, at the end of twelve months Sebastopol was not reduced to starvation, and there were, at least, two Russian armies in the field. Gigantic, indeed, then, must have been the provision which could withstand so constant and so vast a demand; and the fact of the scale on which these preparations had been made, proves how well aware were the Russians of the colossal nature of the strife into which their reckless ambition was certain in the end to plunge the world.

The order of march of the Allied Armies, on the 19th of September, was as follows:—On the extreme right, with their right flank leaning on the sea, came the Turks, commanded by Suleiman Pasha, next to them the French, and on the left, and rather thrown back, the British. The Allied Fleets accompanied and protected the right of the line, and were in readiness, if necessary, to render services similar to those which had so admirable an effect on the event of the great action of

the succeeding day. None who beheld will ever forget the magnificent spectacle presented by this first combined movement of the Allied forces. The line extended over many miles of country from the sea inland, and the ground over which the men had to pass was peculiarly favourable to the display of large masses of troops, consisting as it did of a considerable plain, broken at intervals by a series of low hills running at right angles to the sea. The September sun shone brightly on a forest of bayonets; and while the eye rested with delight on grand and imposing masses of colour, blended, yet contrasted, the ear drank in a volume of sound, in which the shrill notes of innumerable bugles, and the roll of countless drums, were now lost, now harmonised, in the multitudinous hum of the armed host on their march. As they crested one of the ridges we have just mentioned, the first sight of the enemy greeted their longing eyes. On the other side of the intervening plain they discovered a large body of Russian Dragoons and Cossacks, supported by Artillery posted on the hill-side.

In an instant, the fatigue and exhaustion of a protracted march beneath a burning sun were forgotten, the drooping spirits of the men revived, and, after slaking their thirst in the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganac, they manifested the utmost ardour to encounter the foe. A slight skirmish ensued, followed very speedily by the retirement of the Russians. The Artillery on both sides took a prominent part in this smart little affair, and Captains Maude's and Brandling's troops made excellent practice on the enemy's squares of Cavalry, while our own exhibited a coolness and steadiness worthy of veteran soldiers, and which elicited the warmest praise from Lord Raglan.

On the following morning both armies moved towards the Alma, on the right bank of which they found the Russian Army holding a position immensely strong from the nature of the ground, and rendered doubly so by the skilful manner in which the enemy had availed himself of its advantages, by the erection of powerful batteries on the most commanding points, by the accumulation of obstacles to the advance of the Allies, and by the destruction of every species of shelter which could protect them in making that advance.

Lord Raglan, from whose admirable Despatch we shall have occasion to quote largely, thus describes this position. "It crosses the great road about two and a half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights, of from 350

to 400 feet, that from the sea closely borders the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left, and turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminated at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down, in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and in fact everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position, on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Bourliouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and consequently there the greatest preparations had been made for the defence. Half-way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position. Artillery at the same time was posted at the points that best command the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills, forming a sort of table-land, were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve; the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 40,000 and 50,000 men." It is impossible to add a word to this most graphic and lucid description of the arduous steep up which the Allies were to win their way to victory: the master hand is apparent in every stroke of the pencil. That hand is now cold in death; but bold indeed and eloquent must be the historian who would attempt to wield the pen which has fallen from its nerveless grasp.

The arrangement concerted between the Allied Commanders for attacking this strong position was "that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French Divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English Army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position."

"The combined armies," continues Lord Raglan, "advanced on the same *alignement*, Her Majesty's troops, in continuous double columns, with the front of two Divisions, covered by light infantry and a troop of horse artillery; the Second Division under General Sir De Lacy Evans forming the right, and touching the left of the Third Division of the French Army; and the Light Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown forming the left, the first being supported by the Third Division under Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England, and the last by the First Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The Fourth Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry under Major-General the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry, which had been seen in those directions."

As it was intended that the French should, if possible, turn the Russian left, before the English attacked the right and centre of the position, our gallant Allies were engaged for some time before our own troops, who on getting within range of the enemy's guns were ordered to lie down, and remained in this attitude until the moment for their action arrived. At half-past twelve the French steamers commenced shelling the heights, which, where the Alma falls into the sea, are abrupt and precipitous; an operation which was attended with the most complete success, and which in a short time compelled the enemy to retire from the cliffs, while it permitted the Zouaves to clamber up their almost inaccessible heights. This they accomplished with a degree of agility and rapidity which was the admiration of all of our own troops who were fortunate enough to witness it, and, forming into lines as they reached the summit, they dashed at the Russians with the bayonet, and drove in their outposts in every direction. "Here," says Marshal St. Arnaud, "commenced a real battle all along the line, a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your Majesty may be proud of your soldiers; they have not degenerated,— they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jena." Nor was this high praise unmerited:— exposed to a heavy and destructive fire of musketry at short range, the French still pushed on, and, though for a moment checked, would not recede, nor yield an inch of ground. The contest raged with peculiar fury around an octangular white tower, still in an unfinished state; and here it was that Serjeant-Major Fleury displayed a heroism and forgetfulness of self which, though it cost him dear, was assuredly not without its moral effect on the event of the day. Throwing

himself into this tower, he succeeded in planting the Tricolor on its summit: no sooner had he accomplished this act of daring than he fell mortally wounded. Exasperated at the fate of their hero, the Zouaves again charged the Russians at the point of the bayonet, with that peculiar vehemence which has been so often and so naturally contrasted with the "solidity" of the English advance; and the enemy, unable to make head against the impetuous rush of this torrent of war, were compelled to retreat in confusion on their centre, which the French were still menacing when the action concluded. "At half-past four they were," says their own General, "everywhere victorious." And having thus accompanied them through the successful and glorious accomplishment of their portion of the joint enterprise, it is time that we should revert to our own troops, who, at half-past one, were ordered to advance.

"On approaching to near the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions (the Second and Light) deployed into line, and advanced to attack the front: and the supporting divisions (the Third and First) followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place, when the village of Bourliouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position, and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-General Adams' brigade, part of the Second Division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire, while the other brigade, under Major-General Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-General Adams, crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on to the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

"In the meanwhile the Light Division under Sir George Brown effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards, through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled, created additional impediments, rendering every species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages. In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered, and the first brigade, under Major-General Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-General Buller moved on the left flank, and by the

advance of four companies of the Rifle Brigade under Major Norcott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops. The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23d, and 33d regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold."

The Russians had taken accurate ranges for their fire, which they had marked by targets and posts, so that, as the leading regiments reached the points thus designated, they entered literally into a storm of missiles of every description. Incredible as it may appear, such is the innate coolness and contempt of danger in the British soldier, that in the midst of this fatal hail, and with their comrades falling thickly around them, numbers of the men were observed eagerly to seek for and pluck the ripe grapes, whose tempting clusters hung in profusion on the vines through which they had to pass. The losses referred to in the last paragraph quoted from Lord Raglan's Despatch, were indeed terrific; but it was not until the gallant Light Division had actually crowned the height, and forced the redoubt, that physical exhaustion and numerical weakness compelled them partially to retire. The 95th regiment, which was immediately on the right of the 7th, suffered equally with the Light Division, and the melancholy fate of two of its officers, brothers, who were shot down within a few minutes of each other, supplies one of the saddest incidents of the history of the campaign, but one which is, alas! by no means a solitary one. "The 55th, 30th, and 95th," says Mr. Russell, "led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties." "In the capture of the battery," says General Torrens, writing to the father of one of the officers who fell there, "the poor dear old Welsh (the 23d) were foremost. Their loss has been frightful. Chester (their Colonel), Wynn, Evans, Conolly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Anstruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, *were all killed dead at the same moment*, and within a space of 100 square yards. Applethwaite (it is feared mortally), Campbell, Sayer, Bathurst, Stopton, wounded; only six officers remain untouched, and nearly 200 men are *hors de combat.*" Sir George Brown, who was in front of his division, cheering on the men, had his horse shot under him, and was for a moment supposed to be killed.

"By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in

crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of Foot Guards, under Major-General Bentinck, drove the enemy back and secured the final possession. The Highland brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left, and in co-operation with the Guards; and Major-General Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the Light Division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure."

This brilliant advance of the Guards was indeed the turning point, and the decisive moment of the battle. The Light Division, after gaining the redoubt, thinned in numbers, and, exhausted by the toilsome ascent of the heights, received a withering volley from a mass of Russians posted above it, and who had been mistaken for French, and were compelled to abandon their hard-won conquest. As they retired down the hill, they met the advancing Guards, who were compelled to reserve their fire, to avoid destroying their own comrades, and, one of the broken regiments falling back upon the Fusilier Guards, threw that corps into considerable confusion, during which it sustained a terrific loss both in officers and men. In spite of these disadvantages, however, the rest of the brigade continued its ascent of the now blood-stained heights, amidst sights and sounds of the most appalling description, in such steady order, and with such cool determination, as gave to the storming of a fearfully strong position all the aspect of a perfect parade movement. The enthusiasm of the men was indescribable. "Unless I had seen it," says an Officer of the Guards in writing home, "I could not have believed the indomitable pluck of our wounded and dying. As we advanced, we passed a poor fellow with both his legs shot off. He threw a handful of dust in the air, and said 'God bless you, Guards; give it to them, my boys.' And our surgeon told me, that not a single wounded man complained, and that only one man required brandy to sustain the operation."

Another account takes up the story at this point: "Not a shot did they (the Guards) fire till within from 150 to 200 yards of the intrenchments. A battery of eighteen and twenty-four pounders was in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind it. Fortunately the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads; the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day."

Our Artillery, which had rendered a most essential service at a very critical moment of the day, by the admirably directed fire of two guns, which, in spite of the difficult nature of the ground, had been brought to bear on the masses of Russian infantry, now contributed to convert the already achieved success into a victory. Playing with the most deadly effect upon the columns of the retreating foe, they mowed them down by hundreds, and literally strewed the ground with their dead and dying. And now defeat would have been changed into utter rout had the Allies been able to follow up with Cavalry the advantages they had gained. The nature of the expedition, however, and the absolute necessity of landing every available foot-soldier, had compelled the French to leave this branch of their army to follow with the reserve; and the English Cavalry, which had already distinguished itself in the skirmish of the day before, and which was of the greatest use in holding in check the Cossacks who menaced our left flank, were yet not in sufficient numbers to justify their being employed in a long pursuit. They succeeded, however, in taking some prisoners. Three guns only belonging to the Russians were captured. "If, Sire," writes Marshal Saint Arnaud to the Emperor, "I had had Cavalry I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the cannon of our Artillery was exhausted." Still the Russian loss was immense. It has been variously estimated at from 4000 to 6000: the latter number is probably the nearest to the truth. Near the redoubt, and on the heights, the dead of both sides lay in heaps, but those of the enemy were thickest. Accoutrements of all kinds, dead horses, Russian helmets, piles of arms, abandoned in the flight, were spread on every side, and completed the confusion of the terrible scene. It was about half-past four P. M. when the action terminated, and, as the roar of cannon and the roll of musketry died away, their last reverberations were succeeded by sounds, fainter indeed and less distinct, but whose import was more sad and desolating than the blank silence of an untrodden waste. On the night of the 20th the Allies bivouacked on the field of battle, and snatched such rest as was possible on a scene so fraught with horrors, and amidst the groans of the wounded, the agonised cry for water, and the hoarse death-rattle of strong men in their last earthly struggle. It was many, many hours before all our own sufferers could be cared for; and the Russian wounded, who, it is asserted, covered, when collected, an acre of ground, were necessarily left to the

last; but in the long and painful interval many a wound was bound up, many a parched lip moistened, by the compassionate victors in the strife, who, in the tender and gentle spirit in which they discharged their errand of mercy, emulated qualities often supposed to be the distinguishing characteristics of the other sex. And when the shadows of night covered, with a pitying veil, the details of the harrowing scene, and permitted individual solitude amidst a throng, manly cheeks, which had not blenched "e'en where the thickest of war's tempest lowered," were wet with bitter tears for the untimely fate of comrades and friends, whom "the place that knew should know no more."

On the following day Marshal St. Arnaud, who had long been suffering from an incurable heart disease, became so unwell as to be compelled to transfer the command-in-chief of the French army to General Canrobert. During the action, in spite of the physical exhaustion which rendered him unable to sit on his horse without support, he had continued to give his orders with the greatest calmness; and his presence of mind was no more disturbed by the corporeal anguish which he resolutely subdued, than by the surrounding dangers of which his bravery made him unconscious. But the excitement of the day, and this combined mental and bodily effort, overtaxed his failing strength. He never resumed his command; and on the 29th of September he died on board the Berthollet of exhaustion produced by cholera, deservedly lamented by France, and by the Emperor, who, on the 11th of October, decreed him a public funeral at the Invalides.

The 21st and 22d of September were employed by the troops in attending on and embarking our own wounded, and in burying the dead on both sides, in which melancholy offices they received the most material assistance from both the officers and men of the fleet, who displayed an indefatigable zeal and a warmth of sympathy beyond all praise. The Russians, who had been entirely abandoned by their own people, having had their wounds bound and dressed, were left under the care of Dr. Thompson of the 44th, who heroically devoted himself to this arduous and trying task, and who, soon after rejoining the head-quarters of the British Army, fell a victim to cholera; the result, it is scarcely possible to doubt, of his philanthropic exertions in behalf of the enemy. At day-break on the 23d the British Army was under arms, and soon after the Allies moved from those heights to which so many memories of sorrow and of glory are attached, and marched in the direction of the river Katcha, on the banks of which they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon,

without having come upon a trace of the enemy. After having crossed the river, however, they beheld the most indisputable evidences of a precipitate flight, amounting to panic, on the part of the Russian Army. The road was covered with arms, accoutrements, and cartridges, which had been hastily abandoned to facilitate the rapidity of their retreat, and the account given by some Tartars who came into the British lines, confirmed the obvious deductions from data so clear. The Russians, it appears, had reached the Katcha on the night of the battle, and an alarm having spread that the English and French were in pursuit, dreading a fresh encounter with foes flushed with victory and confident of success, they had manifested the better part of valour, and decamped.

This circumstance renders the want of cavalry at Alma, and the inevitable delays subsequent to the battle, the more to be deplored, since it can scarcely be doubted that, had the false alarm been a founded one, the Russian presentiments would have been verified in the issue, and it is difficult to limit the advantages which might have accrued from such a result.

On the 24th the armies marched on the Belbek River, and finding the Russians in position on its right bank, they took ground to the left, thus turning the Russian batteries, and the English occupied the village of Belbek for the night.

The Allies were now within four miles of Sebastopol, and in all probability there was not a soul in either army, with the exception of the Commanders and those in their confidence, who did not anticipate that the Northern side of the fortress was to be the object of attack. The place originally chosen for the landing, the line of march subsequent to the battle of the Alma, and many other circumstances, would combine to suggest such a plan of operations as being the one most likely to have been decided on by the two Generals, and indeed it is believed with reason that the course eventually adopted was in part the result of a careful *reconnaissance* of the fortifications on this side of the town. These were known to be in themselves stronger than those on the South, and were found on observation to have been still further strengthened since the landing of the Allies in the Crimea had appeared to indicate to the enemy the direction of the attack which they had to dread. Any attempt on this side therefore was certain to be attended with delay and loss, nor did the mouths either of the Katcha or the Belbek afford so sure an anchorage as might have justified their being taken as a base of opera-

tions in the event of a protracted siege. On the other hand, the fortifications to the South were of a less formidable character, and were supposed to be even slighter than the event proved them, while the Chersonesus was known to possess harbours, commencing with that of Balaklava, which would afford shelter to a number of vessels, greater even than that required in so extensive an enterprise. Some such considerations as these must have determined the march upon Balaklava, a movement whose boldness of conception was only equalled by the judiciousness of its execution, and the good fortune with which that execution was attended.

This great flank march, one of the happiest strategic inspirations on record, which at the time when it was carried out was the theme of loud and universal eulogy, has since fallen into some degree of disfavour, from the supposed disproportion of its results to the anticipations formed. Such is at best but an illogical mode of arriving at an opinion; but even by this standard it may be fairly defended, since it must, at least, remain a matter of doubt whether the difficulties, delays, and disasters which marked the progress of the siege on the South, would not have been equalled, perhaps outstripped, by those the Allies would have had to encounter on the North.

On the 25th, then, the English and French, leaving the Belbek, began to march in a south-easterly direction, which soon brought them into a wood so thick and entangled as to present serious obstacles to the orderly movement of troops, and in which part of them were actually compelled to direct their movements by the aid of the compass. On emerging from its intricacies Lord Raglan, who was riding considerably in advance with his staff, came suddenly upon a large body of Russian infantry, which proved to be the rear-guard of a strong detachment, also executing a "flank movement" on Bakschiserai.

Our artillery and cavalry soon came up, and, after a few rounds from the guns and a charge from the cavalry, the astonished Russians once more took to their heels, without having inflicted the slightest loss on their opponents, and leaving behind them in their flight an enormous quantity of baggage of every description, and several waggons laden with powder. The victors in this easy skirmish continued their march, and halted for the night in the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Tchernaya, since celebrated as the scene of the complete discomfiture of the Russians on the 16th of August, in their obstinate and repeated efforts to carry the bridge

which crosses the river at that point, and thus to turn the position of the French and Sardinians. On the following day Lord Raglan reached Balaklava, and after a faint show of resistance from the Genoese fort, whose ruins crown one of the heights overlooking the harbour, but which was speedily subdued by the fire of Her Majesty's ship Agamemnon, and of the Rifles and some of the Light Division, the place surrendered at discretion, and the Commandant, with the fifty or sixty men who formed its garrison, were made prisoners. The Agamemnon had arrived thus opportunely, thanks to the energy and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, R.N., who, on the preceding day, volunteered to Lord Raglan to return alone through a difficult country infested with Cossacks, and to communicate the movements of the Armies to the Fleets. During the march of the 25th the French had been constantly taking ground to the left, and thus, when the Allies sat down before Sebastopol, the relative position of the two Armies, which had been preserved hitherto from the landing, was reversed, the left attack falling to the lot of the French, who immediately established their base of operations at Kamiesch, and the surrounding creeks, while the whole of the right attack, from Inkermann to the ravine at the head of Dockyard Creek, was at first undertaken by the English. Considerable disappointment was at first felt by both Armies, when it was found that no immediate assault was intended, but that recourse would be had to the slower and less exciting operations of a regular siege; and the voice of more than one high in authority in the British Army was, it is stated, raised in favour of the prompter and more vigorous course of action. The counsels of caution however prevailed, though it is questionable whether, could the trials and disasters of the coming winter have been foreseen, any risks would not have been encountered for the sake of avoiding, if possible, such terrible calamities. There is considerable discrepancy of opinion as to what the fortifications on the South side actually were at this period, but the only permanent ones were the Malakoff Tower and a low crenellated wall on the western side of Dockyard Creek.

From the moment, however, that the South side was threatened, the Russians employed themselves day and night in throwing up earthworks and batteries, which proceeded more than *pari passu* with our own siege-works, since the enemy pressed even women and children into the service, thus rendering available the whole population of the town. Every preparation indeed was now being made on the part of the besieged for a

desperate defence, and the extraordinary resolution adopted and carried out by Prince Menschikoff, of sinking several of the largest ships of the Russian Navy across the great mouth of the harbour, announced that no sacrifice would be shrunk from which could contribute to this end.

Aktiar, the modern Sebastopol, was long an almost unnoticed village on the southern shore of the harbour, and would appear to have been indebted for its present eminence to the piercing eye and quick military intuition of Suwarrow, that strange compound,

"Hero, buffoon, half demon, and half dirt,"

who, to all these qualities, added at least a consummate knowledge of his art. Wishing to drive away a Turkish fleet which was at anchor in the port, without permitting it to communicate with the Tartars, whose affection for the Russian *protection*, which the Crimea was then enjoying, was somewhat suspect, he took possession of the heights on either side, and immediately began, favoured by night, to fortify the mouth of the harbour.

This step had its desired effect, and the Turks at once quitted an anchorage which might soon have become a prison; but the lesson was not thrown away, and in 1786 a naval and military station was founded under its present imposing title.

The late Emperor, whose whole reign was occupied in a slow and dissembled but steady pursuance of the hereditary policy of Russia, conscious of the vast importance of the position in reference to his long-meditated plans upon Turkey, took the greatest interest in its development, and it was under his auspices, and during the vice-royalty of Prince Woronzoff, that it became that standing menace to the independence of the Porte, which led to the threatening of its own existence.

Sebastopol is thus described by a contemporary author whom we have before had occasion to quote:—

"The roadstead or great harbour, entirely scooped by the hand of nature, is one of the most remarkable in Europe,—a repetition of Malta upon a larger scale, and of Sydney upon a smaller. It extends east and west upwards of four miles, by an average breadth of more than half a mile. The shores are naked, barren, and steep, but gradually flatten towards the upper extremity. There are no dangerous rocks or reefs, and good holding-ground everywhere, with a nearly equal depth of water up to the edges of the basin. The entrance, about 1400 yards across, is wide enough to facilitate navigation, and allow vessels to tack, yet suffi-

ciently narrow to break the force of the sea and admit of easy defence. The northern side consists of a line of acclivities unbroken by an inlet; the southern, on which the town is placed, has three creeks, forming inner havens, two of which run up into it. These lesser harbours are admirably adapted for the requirements of a naval station and commercial port, being completely sheltered by high limestone cliffs, and having at their extremities a depth of nearly forty feet of water, sufficient for vessels of the largest draught. First, after passing the entrance of the roads, is Artillery Bay, the ordinary merchant haven; next is the Admiralty or South Bay (now generally known as Dockyard Creek), the largest of the three, appropriated to men-of-war, the dockyard, and other naval purposes; last, towards the east, is Careening Bay. The town lies principally between and behind the first and second of these bays, on the slope of a hill rising from them, intersected by deep ravines. Outside the entrance of the great inlet, on the same side, is the Quarantine Bay; and five creeks occur between it and Cape Chersonese, the extreme point of land jutting out from the Crimea into the Black Sea. They were all deserted, or used only by vessels driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in them, till the arrival of the Allied Armies, when the French made Kamiesch Bay their port for the landing of stores and troops.

"The seaward defences of the port consist of eleven or twelve forts and batteries, mounting altogether from 800 to 1200 guns, for accounts of the number vary to this extent. Fort Constantine guards the entrance of the great inlet on the northern side, and Fort Alexander on the southern, while Forts Nicholas and Paul protect the mouth of the central inner haven. These are the strongest points, consisting each of three tiers of batteries.

* * * * * *

"Sebastopol extends more than a mile in length, in the direction of the port, by about three quarters of a mile inland. On the land side it was an open town, being only partly defended by a loop-holed wall, entirely useless. The government, only thinking of attacks by sea, confined its attention to making that quarter invulnerable. The public buildings include the Admiralty, vast barracks for troops, and magazines for stores, a cathedral and numerous green-domed churches, an Italian opera, a club-house, a library, and several hotels, with the simple monument of Kosarsky, a naval officer who distinguished himself in the last Turko-Russian War."

On the 17th October, on which day the Allies, having sufficiently completed their preparations, opened fire, the Russians had also finished a continuous and most powerful line of defences, which, avoiding technicalities as much as possible, may be thus briefly enumerated: To the south-west of Careening Bay, and at the extreme left of their line, the Malakoff or Round Tower before mentioned, and whose name has since become so familiar to every one acquainted with the history of the siege, had been surrounded with powerful earthworks, which, equally with the tower itself, were mounted with guns of heavy calibre. Next to this work, and on its proper right, was another, technically known as the Redan, of vast strength, and similarly armed. Next to this, again, in the same direction, and still on the eastern side of Dockyard Creek, the Barrack Battery, and on the other side the Flagstaff Battery, or Bastion du Mât, the loop-holed wall, and a line of works terminated by the Quarantine Battery, which formed the extreme right of the Russian line of defence.

In the meanwhile the Allies had not been idle. On the 9th of October the French succeeded, without interruption from the enemy, in completing about 900 metres of a regular trench, and on the night of the 10th the British also broke ground with similar success, but not with the same immunity from molestation, as the Russians, who were on the alert, never ceased firing on our lines during the whole night. Their fire, however, was not very effective, and before daybreak about 1200 yards of trench had been completed in the teeth of this opposition, and in spite of the rocky and difficult nature of the ground on which our men had to work. From this time the siege-works progressed with unexampled rapidity on both sides, and on the 17th the Russians found themselves opposed by a series of well-constructed and heavily-armed batteries, which promised, even to the least sanguine among the assailants, results which the event failed to justify. The enemy was apparently aware of the moment of the long-threatened attack, and, for half an hour before the signal preconcerted by the Allies was given, a heavy fire was opened upon them all along the line. This was replied to by the English and French batteries at half-past six, and a vigorous cannonade was maintained for some time on both sides, without any decided superiority being manifested on either. At the end of an hour and a half, however, the first indications of the balance inclining in favour of the Russians began to be exhibited; some of the French works, owing to an engineering oversight, were found to be enfiladed by the enemy's guns, and this circumstance, added to the

heavy weight of metal by which they were assailed, gradually overpowered the fire of our Allies, which began sensibly to slacken.

Shortly before nine o'clock the French magazine on the extreme right of their attack unfortunately exploded, causing a very severe loss, and the Russians followed up their advantage with such vigour, that ere long they had all but completely silenced the French batteries.

Towards the middle of the day the three Allied fleets, at the urgent instance of the Generals, who had calculated much on the effects of this diversion, ran in and engaged the sea-ward forts with the greatest energy.

The firing on shore was now also excessively hot on all sides, and at this period of the day the scene was one to which no powers of description could do adequate justice. Thick wreaths of smoke enveloped the town, the harbour, and the ships, and this fearful fire-mist was illumined and reddened by incessant flashes, while the ear was deafened by the multitudinous roar of nearly a thousand pieces of the heaviest ordnance, accompanied by that indescribable but appalling hurtling of the air produced by the screaming of shell and the hoarse whistle of round shot as they fly on their errand of death and destruction. Later in the day another French magazine burst, and subsequently two or three Russian ones, the most fearful explosion of the day being one which occurred in the Redan. Eye-witnesses declare that for some seconds after it occurred the air was black with showers of loose earth, stones, and débris of every description, amongst which the keener eyes or more vivid imaginations of some who have described the scene, descried legs and arms, and other fragmentary remains of what shortly previous had been living and breathing men. The Redan, however, was not silenced, the Russians returning with indomitable resolution to their guns.

The fleets, meanwhile, had not been idle,—broadside after broadside had been fired on Forts Nicholas, Constantine, and the remaining sea-defences. Our Navy, on this occasion, was not unworthy of its ancient fame, and emulated, on its own element, the heroic efforts and unflinching courage of the detachment of its sons who were sharing in the operations on shore. Sir Edmund Lyons, with that recklessness of danger which is only equalled by his cool judgment and quick perception,—qualities which have made him the darling of the fleet which he now commands,—ran the Agamemnon to within 900 yards of Fort Constantine, which he engaged closely, maintaining his perilous position until sunset rendered further operations impossible. "The Agamemnon," says a Naval Officer who

was present, "lay close to her work, and would have breached it, but the fire at times had to be withdrawn to silence the small forts on the hill, which were hulling her meantime." The Bellerophon succeeded in silencing the mischievous little Wasp Fort and some mud-batteries established on the hill above Fort Constantine, eliciting from the Agamemnon the complimentary signal, "Well done, Bellerophon!" A tribute not confined to that ship.

Captain M'Cleverty again manifested that cool daring which distinguished him at Odessa, and engaged the fort opposed to him with the engines of the Terrible stopped; and every officer and man in the fleet displayed the greatest ardour, and the most thorough contempt of danger. All that human skill, energy, and resolution could effect was achieved; but when night compelled the fleets to draw off, the long-pending question between wooden and granite walls had been definitively settled in one case, at least, in favour of the latter. The damage done to the Russian fortifications was insignificant; batteries had, indeed, been silenced for a time, because the artillerymen could no longer serve their guns under so heavy a fire, but the batteries still remained, seamed here and there, and blackened, but undestroyed.

The fleets, on the other hand, suffered a severe loss in men, and many of the ships suffered most severely from the rough handling which they received from the forts.

The Albion and the Arethusa were compelled to withdraw in an excessively crippled state; the Firebrand was scarcely in a better position; and the Retribution had her mainmast shot away. The results obtained were not commensurate to the sacrifice; and in no subsequent bombardment did the fleets take a share, though they have since contributed less directly, but not less surely to the long-delayed fate of Sebastopol. The fire on shore slackened towards evening, and ceased at the same time as that at sea. By this time the Round Tower had been knocked into a shapeless mass of ruins, but the earthworks around it were still in existence. The Redan had been nearly silenced; but the French batteries had been so knocked about, and the injuries resulting from the explosion of the two magazines were so great, that a considerable delay took place before our Allies were enabled to resume the offensive. On the next day the superiority of the Russian artillery was still more clearly established; and from this time the fire of the Allies continued to grow daily more feeble, until their ammunition being exhausted, and many

of the guns and mortars worn out, it became necessary, before resuming the attack in earnest, to await the arrival and employment of a new siege-train. Many interesting anecdotes are related of this bombardment, most of which must be familiar to the majority of our readers. The Naval Brigade, who distinguished themselves by their activity, energy, carelessness of danger, and cheerfulness of demeanour, contributed a large portion of these stories, in many of which there is a mixture of the tragic and grotesque, reminding one forcibly of some of Hogarth's pictures.

Captain Peel of the Diamond stands out in bold relief amongst these amphibious heroes, whose hearts, however, he won so completely, by a courage almost bordering on rashness, and by an exhibition of qualities the most congenial to their own, that no enterprise, however desperate, would have had terrors for them under his auspices. Our loss during this bombardment was surprisingly small, when recalled in connexion with its long duration, and the severe fire to which our men were exposed; and this fact reflects the highest credit on the engineering of the Allies. It was long before it was accurately known to what extent the enemy had suffered, but it has since been confidently stated that their casualties during this period amounted to 8000, and this assertion has never been disputed. Sickness, however, was beginning already to make great ravages among our troops, and about this time a constant drain on their numbers commenced, which increased in an alarming ratio as winter set in, and which no reinforcements were able to make head against, until the improved condition of the men, and the return of a more genial season, checked and finally terminated it. More pressing cares even than these now demanded the attention and taxed the energies and skill of the commanders, while they gave fresh opportunities to the Armies for the display of that devoted courage and unshaken constancy, which will cast an immortal halo around the history of this expedition. The acts of the terrible drama succeed each other with a rapidity that even at this short distance of time is startling, and the incidents rise in a progression of tragic and solemn grandeur till they reach their climax in the deadly struggle at Inkermann. Scarcely six weeks had elapsed from the landing in the Crimea, and yet how many stirring events had been crowded into the interval: battles lost and won, reputations made and destroyed, boys turned into old campaigners; hearts once beating high with hope and with the excitement of the strife stilled for ever; restless fears and heart-sickening anxieties quelled in hopeless certainty: prayers fervently offered up in the far-off sanctuary of

home, while their object lay stiff and stark with his face to the sky, yet answered in their highest meaning—confidence gained, illusions dispelled, victory alternating with disappointment, sorrow with joy, life with death.

For weeks one thought had been in every mind, one topic in every mouth, and, as mail after mail arrived with its varying intelligence and ever constant theme, pale faces, which had watched for news of the absent and the loved, grew paler with the pangs of hope deferred, or became fixed and rigid with despair, while others flushed with rapture as the one loved name came coupled with heroic deeds in the present, and brightest promise for the future. One vast electric chain of sympathy, admiration, and love connected, throughout the broad expanse of the three kingdoms, palace and cottage, peasant and peer, and when the news of the unparalleled self-sacrifice consummated on the plains of Balaklava on the 25th of October flew through its links, it conveyed a shock to the great heart of the nation which will never be forgotten. "The Light Cavalry are destroyed!" such was the horror-stricken exclamation which burst from myriads of lips, coupled with the firmly-expressed conviction, long ere details could be known, that the fate of her most gallant sons had been such as weeping England would enshrine among her proudest and most glorious memories.

For some days previous to the 25th October, a large Russian force had been observed among the hills on the right front of the Allied position protecting Balaklava, or, as it is frequently called, the rear of the position before Sebastopol. This position, naturally of immense strength, had been fortified with great care by the French, who had thrown up formidable intrenchments, armed at suitable points with powerful batteries, and was considered by competent authorities as all but impregnable. The intrenchments, starting from a point above the head of the harbour of Balaklava, skirted the edge of the plateau of the Chersonesus in a direction nearly due south, with the exception of a re-entering angle, which they formed in following the sides of a valley which runs into the hills shortly beyond the village of Kadikoi. Standing with the back to Kadikoi, and looking across the valley of Balaklava, the eye rests on four conical-shaped hillocks, the one on the extreme right, known as Canrobert's Hill (from the fact of that General having met Lord Raglan there after the flank march), being within a short distance of the small hamlet of Kamara, which it overlooks. On each of these hills the Turks had thrown up a powerful earthen redoubt, armed with heavy guns, lent to them from our ships; and in the camp they were known as Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, counting from

Canrobert's Hill to our left. These redoubts formed a species of advanced screen to the main position, with which they were connected towards the north-west by a chain of Turkish earthworks. They were, however, a source of weakness rather than strength, as the events of this day fully demonstrated, and, though three of them were retaken after the close of the action, Lord Raglan wisely determined to abandon this extended line, and thenceforth confined the position within its more natural and manageable limits.

The defences of Balaklava were completed by some strong batteries erected on the steep height which forms the eastern shoulder of the port, and the care of which was entrusted to the Marines. It was clearly of the deepest importance to the Russians to force a position, the possession of which would have cut off the English from their base of operations, compromised the crowded shipping in the port, and in all human probability have enabled them to compel the Allies to raise the siege; and they consequently determined to attack it with all the force at their disposal. Early in the morning, therefore, they debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts, with eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. Eight battalions, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, and supported by sixteen guns, at once attacked No. 1 redoubt, which Sir Colin Campbell states to have been defended by the Turks as long as defence was possible, when, overpowered by numbers, they retreated on the other redoubts, suffering severely as they did so from the cavalry of the enemy.

Other accounts do not give our Ottoman Allies the same credit for this obstinate resistance; but, whatever their conduct in the first instance, there can be no doubt that small delay occurred in their evacuation of the other batteries, from which they were rapidly driven in succession, only to fall, in most cases, beneath the lances and sabres of their ruthless Cossack pursuers, who cut them to pieces in their precipitate flight. Some of those who escaped formed again on the right and left flanks of the 93d Highlanders, who were posted on a slightly rising ground in front of Kadikoi; but by far the majority pursued their headlong career in the direction of Balaklava, indicating their idea of the last resource, of what they considered as the already defeated English, by shouting to all whom they met, in the frantic accents of fear, the cabalistic phrase, "Ship, Johnny." The enemy, having gained possession of the redoubts, now advanced their artillery and a large mass of cavalry; and Sir Colin Campbell, finding that his High-

landers were beginning to suffer from the well-directed fire of the former, most judiciously retired the 93d a few paces behind the crest of the hill. The Russian cavalry now broke into two bodies, the larger of which was destined to engage Lord Lucan's cavalry, while the smaller, but by no means despicable portion, charged the 93d. So great was Sir Colin Campbell's confidence in this fine regiment, that, after advancing them to the crest of the hill, he permitted them to receive the cavalry in line; and so imposing was the front they thus presented, that, in spite of the flight of the Turks from their right flank, the Russian squadrons never dared to come within 500 yards of them, but, after receiving their fire at this distance, retired completely discomfited, and did not attempt to renew the attack.

Let us now turn to the more imposing body of Russian horsemen, who, confident in their overwhelming superiority of numbers, are descending the hill-ground in our front in spite of a well-directed fire from the Marine batteries on the hills, evidently bent on the utter annihilation of the handful of British squadrons opposed to them. On they come, steadily, but slackening their pace as they approach, in two lines, each nearly double as long as ours, and thrice as deep; but, scarcely have they reached the plain, when the English trumpets ring out the charge, and the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, advances to meet them. In front are the Scots Greys and the Enniskillen Dragoons, with the 5th Dragoon Guards supporting them in second line, aided by a flank attack of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

On dash the Greys and Enniskilleners, burning with ardour, and urged by a spirit of noble and fraternal emulation; and as they near the hostile squadrons a clear ringing cheer, whose thrilling tones waken simultaneous yet contrasting echoes in the hearts of friend and foe, rises to the welkin, and dominates for a moment over the deep thunder of the artillery; and now—

" —— the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In the middle with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leaped the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reeled, but kept their seats:
Part rolled on the earth, and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled, mixed with floundering horses.

* * *

With stroke on stroke horses and horsemen came,
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying off the roofs, and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champain till it strikes
On a wood, and takes and breaks, and cracks and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that the earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry."

The first line of the Russians received the impetuous attack right in the centre, and strove like a huge serpent coiling up its vast extremities to overlap and strangle its foe in a fatal embrace; but in vain: the deadly folds are severed at countless points by the relentless steel of the assailant, who, while the *disjecta membra* are striving with a languid vitality to reunite for fresh defence, has won his resistless way through the very heart of the supporting squadrons. The work thus nobly commenced was as gallantly completed, and, while the enemy were attempting to rally from the terrific shock of the first charge, the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards rushed on with the force of a pent-up torrent, and with an enthusiasm only equalled by that of their glorious predecessors, and in a few moments turned the first discomfiture of the Russian cavalry into an utter and disgraceful rout.

"Thus," says Lord Lucan, "under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number, and more;" and, it may be added, with a loss which was absolutely trifling in comparison to the results obtained. Up to this period, with the exception of the capture of the redoubts, a loss which there was every apparent probability of being able to remedy before the close of the engagement, the advantage had been decidedly on our side, and nothing had occurred to presage the catastrophe so shortly to occur, and beside whose tragic interest the minor incidents of this most eventful day sink into comparative insignificance.

At ten o'clock, the Guards and Highlanders composing the First Division, and who had been ordered up as soon as the threatening movements of the Russians were known at head-quarters, arrived on the plains, and were shortly afterwards followed by the Fourth Division under Sir George Cathcart. The Cavalry were then on the left of our position facing the enemy, the Light Cavalry Brigade being on the left flank forward, and the Heavy Brigade *en échelon* in reserve, with guns on the right;—the Fourth Division occupied the centre—and the First Division took the extreme right,

facing the captured redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked. A small body of the Chasseurs d'Afrique also arrived at this moment, and took their place in advance of the ridges on our left. Lord Raglan, who had arrived on the field shortly after eight o'clock, and who had watched with the most intense anxiety the events hitherto narrated, now perceived a movement on the part of the enemy with the object of carrying off the guns which had been abandoned by the Turks, and, desirous to prevent the accomplishment of this purpose, he dispatched Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan, with an order thus worded:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly in front, *follow the enemy, and try to prevent* their carrying away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on the left. Immediate. R. Airey."

Lord Raglan thus states the circumstances under which this order was given, and the nature of the service on which he meant the Cavalry to be employed. "As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the Cavalry, *supported by the Fourth Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart*, to move forward and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was being made to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and *try* to prevent them from effecting their object. In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks. The Lieutenant-General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-General the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the Light Brigade."

Lord Cardigan, it is stated, represented the rashness of a movement which must involve the certain destruction of the force under his command; but his remonstrances were overruled, and the Light Cavalry was ordered to advance, without supports, over a plain of nearly a mile and a half in length, and exposed to a crushing fire of artillery and musketry in front and on both flanks. Without a murmur or a moment's hesitation these lion-hearts rushed on to the discharge of the fearful duty assigned to them; resolved, since the ordinary alternative of death *or* glory was denied, to do *and* die. The Brigade, which only counted 800 sabres, and scarcely out-numbered one effective regiment, consisted of the 4th, 8th, and 13th

Light Dragoons, the 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers, and advanced in the following order: the 17th and 13th leading in line, the 11th and 4th following in support, and the 8th still further back, forming a sort of third line. The story of this unparalleled achievement has been so eloquently and graphically given by Mr. Russell, whose description we have ventured to borrow in another part of this work, that we shall content ourselves in this place with quoting a private letter from an officer who witnessed the charge, and with allowing Lord Cardigan to narrate in his own words an action in which so conspicuous a part was assigned to himself.

The letter referred to thus briefly, but ably, tells the saddening tale:—

"Our Heavy Cavalry had made a magnificent charge against vastly superior numbers, and rode over the enemy, who retired in disorder. Up to this point no serious harm had been done — the redoubts were lost but could be regained, when an order, said to be Lord Raglan's, for the Light Cavalry to charge the guns, was given, and the flash of 800 sabres answered it. A charge, such as never before took place, led our brave fellows beyond the guns (I believe twenty in number) which they captured, when they perceived they were unsupported and enfiladed by a terrible fire of infantry. They turned about, cutting through all obstacles, and bringing back 191 men out of the 800 who had paved the way to victory, which, alas, has turned into disaster! In short, our Light Cavalry is no more."

"It was a bitter moment," says another account, "after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns, when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading in the smoke, had diverged, and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line, and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was all up, and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us, for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did."

"I received the order," says Lord Cardigan, "to attack; and, although I should not have thought of making such an attack without orders, and though I differed in opinion as to the propriety of the order, I promptly obeyed it. I placed myself at the head of my brigade, and gave the word of command. We advanced; but before we had gone twenty yards a shell burst between me and the Staff Officer who had brought the order, and was

riding within thirty yards of my side, killing him and leaving me untouched. From that moment there was nothing to be done but to obey the order, and to attack the battery in the valley. We proceeded; we advanced down and along a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile, with one of the batteries opposed to us vomiting forth shells, round shot, and grape; with a battery on the right flank, a battery on the left, and a distant battery, which had been lost by the Turks; and all the intermediate ground covered with Russian riflemen; so that when we came down within a distance of thirty yards to their artillery, which had been firing at us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, and raked by the riflemen, who fired upon us in flank. As we passed, the oblique fire of the artillery was brought upon our rear. Thus we had a strong fire on the front, in the rear, and on both our flanks. We entered the battery,—we went through the battery,—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners. In the two regiments which I had the honour to lead, every officer was either killed or wounded, or had his horse shot under him, except one. Those regiments having proceeded on, were followed by the second line, consisting of two more Cavalry regiments, which continued to cut down the Russian gunners. Then came the third line, consisting of two other regiments, who also nobly performed their duty. The result was, that this body of about 600 Cavalry succeeded in passing through a body of, as we have since learnt, 5600 Russian Cavalry. I know the number of the Russian regiments, and the name of the General Officer who commanded the brigade. We did as much execution as we could, and suffered an immense loss of life ourselves. After riding through the Russian Cavalry we came upon the Tchernaya river. There we were stopped; and we had to retire by the same route by which we came, destroying as many of the enemy as we could. I believe we succeeded in destroying the greater part of the Russian gunners, and in doing great execution among the Russian Cavalry. The scene on retiring was lamentable in the extreme; still, nothing could be accomplished more regularly or with greater order. There was no confusion, no hurry, no galloping about, no desire to retreat too hastily,—but the whole thing was conducted as coolly and systematically as upon parade. As we returned up the hill we had descended we had to run the same gauntlet, and incur the same risk from the flank fire of the Russian riflemen. Numbers of men and horses were shot down, and many soldiers, who had lost their chargers, were killed whilst endeavouring to escape on foot. The consequence was, that

when we reached the top of the hill there was but about one-third of the whole brigade left. I think, when I went round to count them, 195 only remained. The rest were gone,—destroyed in that charge!"

The Light Cavalry charge was over; a glorious and ineffaceable page had been added to the records of chivalry, and to the annals of England; but at what a cost! Twenty-six officers and 276 non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, making a total of 300, were killed and wounded in this action alone; and for months the Light Cavalry brigade was but a name.

Whilst this affair was going on, the Chasseurs d'Afrique made a brilliant diversion in our favour, by charging with the utmost gallantry the battery on the left, which was firing on our Cavalry. They sabred the artillerymen at the guns, which of course, however, they were unable to carry off without support, and retreated with considerable loss, but with the consciousness of having worthily emulated the self-devotion of their Allies, to whom they rendered an essential service, and of having knit still closer the bonds of amity and brotherhood which had been cemented by the mingling of French and English blood on the field of the Alma. The Heavy Cavalry, too far in rear to support the charge, had, however, been enabled to cover the retreat of their brothers in arms, but not without the occurrence of some casualties amongst themselves. The British Infantry, supported by two French regiments, which had come up, began now steadily to advance in the direction of the redoubts, while the Russians gradually retired. And after some manœuvring, ending in the re-occupation of three of the redoubts by the Allies, and the final abandonment of the fourth to the foe, the cannonade, which had been for some time slackening, at last ceased at about half-past one, both armies retaining their respective positions. Such were the chequered and exciting incidents of the battle of Balaklava, a battle, which, as an officer of the 93d contended with reason, in a conversation with the narrator, held near to where that regiment received the charge of the Russian cavalry, was not a defeat, but in reality a repulse of the enemy, whose real object had assuredly been, not the capture of the Turkish redoubts, but the possession of Balaklava, in which they were completely frustrated. He said nothing could exceed the coolness of the 93d, who kept up a murderous file fire for about eight minutes, just as if they had been on parade, and would have gone on for an hour in the same way, had it been necessary. He added,

that Sir Colin, in his despatch, most decidedly under-rated the numbers of the Cavalry who attacked the Highlanders, who must have numbered nearly 4000, whilst the main body who were charged by our Heavy Cavalry could not have fallen far short of 8000. The service of the Artillery was perfect, and every shell fell among the Cossacks, knocking them over by dozens. Had it not been for the unfortunate Light Cavalry charge, concluded the officer in question, we should have had nothing to reproach ourselves with; and that, even as it was, it was the most perfect little battle that could be imagined for the time it lasted, as every arm of the service was brought into play during the engagement.

Among the illustrious dead, whose unforgotten graves lie thick in the fatal plains of Balaklava, the name of the heroic and ill-fated Nolan must not be omitted. Passionately devoted to his profession, to the theoretic part of which he had contributed an admirable work on Cavalry Tactics, he hailed with delight the order of which he was the bearer, and which would, as he believed, demonstrate by the brilliant nature of its results the truth of his well-known opinions as to the irresistible power of his favourite arm of the service. Placing himself by the side of Lord Cardigan, he joined in the charge, but his horse had scarcely made half-a-dozen strides, ere a fragment of shell struck him in the heart. With the cry peculiar to wounds of this nature he expired; and his charger, conscious of the loosened rein, galloped back with his dead master still firmly fixed in the saddle, as if to vindicate, even in death, his reputation as an accomplished horseman.

Among those who were wounded on this day was Captain Maude of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose admirable qualities as an officer in this magnificent branch of the service had won him the esteem of the whole Army, from Lord Raglan to the men in his own troop, and whose name is to this day never mentioned in the Crimea but in terms of affection and admiration. Lord Cardigan received a lance-thrust through his clothes, and Lord Lucan was also slightly wounded.

The Russians took advantage of the capture of the guns in the redoubts, some of which they were enabled to carry off, and of the severe loss suffered by the Light Cavalry, to claim a victory; and on the following day the Garrison of Sebastopol, emboldened by this fancied success, determined to make a sortie in force, which, if successful, would seriously embarrass the Allies, and which would, in any case, give them information which might be turned to account on a future occasion.

Leaving the town, then, under cover from a heavy fire from their batteries, they approached the lines of the Second Division, which defended the right of our position, with a force consisting of several columns of infantry, supported by artillery, large bodies of skirmishers being thrown out to the front. To resist this attack the Second Division was formed up in line in front of their camp, the left under General Pennefather, and the right under Brigadier-General Adams, while the Brigade of Guards, under General Bentinck, was soon brought up by the Duke of Cambridge in support, and, aided by a field battery, took post on the right of Sir De Lacy Evans's Division. Five French battalions were promptly moved up by General Bosquet, and Sir George Cathcart and Sir George Brown each contributed the assistance of a small force indeed, but doubtless larger than they could well spare. The enemy advanced at first rapidly and with much confidence, protected by guns posted on a hill in their rear, but were received with the greatest determination and firmness by the English pickets, principally belonging to the 49th and 30th regiments. Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th, Captain Bayly of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley, who were all severely wounded, and Serjeant Sullivan, are particularly mentioned by Sir De Lacy Evans, as having greatly distinguished themselves in this perilous and trying service, which demands the possession of unflinching courage equally with the exercise of the coolest discretion. Captain Conolly was shot heading a few men of his company, fighting hand to hand with the Russians, who wanted to take him alive; but he defended himself with his sword, wounded one, and was immediately shot by another, who was a yard from him. Lord Raglan, who witnessed the affair, is stated to have sent down to inquire who was the officer who was defending himself so gallantly against such odds. The pickets, after contesting every inch of ground, now retired steadily upon the main body, and a tremendous fire was opened upon the Russians from the batteries under Colonels Fitzmayer and Dacres, which were served with the utmost energy, and in half an hour had compelled the enemy's artillery to retire from the field. "Our fire," continues the Despatch from which these details are derived, "was now directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges and down towards the head of the bay, and

so eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-General Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men." The other regiments of the Division joined in the pursuit with equal ardour and gallantry, and the enemy, who had thus had another opportunity of testing the adamantine nature of the resistance they would have to encounter ere they could hope to drive the audacious invader from the holy Russian soil, were forced back into Sebastopol with a loss estimated to exceed 600 men.

Sir De Lacy Evans, whose skilful handling of his Division on this occasion elicited from Lord Raglan the warmest expressions of admiration, had been suffering from indisposition for some days before the battle, and a severe fall from his horse shortly after caused a relapse, which compelled him to seek repose on board ship. The battle of Inkermann roused him for a moment from a bed of sickness, and while actually under medical treatment, to witness the severe struggle; the old chivalric spirit was too strong to allow him to remain inactive while such a momentous question was being decided; but, though he remained on the field until the close of the battle, he felt too ill to take the command out of the hands of General Pennefather, whose judicious arrangements and steady intrepidity made the loss of his immediate superior less severely felt. Sir De Lacy Evans soon afterwards resigned his appointment on the Staff of the Army, and returned home invalided. He received the thanks of the House of Commons for services which, even among the most distinguished, are eminent, and is now, we trust, recruiting that health which had been so greatly impaired by his zealous service in his country's cause, and which was too much shattered to enable him to hope to return and share in active operations again.

The object of the attack of the 26th October, which was, in fact, as we have already intimated, merely a *reconnaissance en force*, was not long in being made apparent. It had been remarked that for some time the enemy's force in the valley of the Tchernaya had been receiving constant augmentations, and on the 4th of November it was discovered that a still further addition had been made to their numbers by the arrival of large masses of troops from the northward. These troops consisted of the 4th Corps d'Armée, and, in order to expedite their progress, every device that Russian ingenuity could contrive had been adopted. The extraordinary expedient of conveying the men in carts, collected from every quarter whence they could be procured, and

of leaving behind all the *impedimenta* of the army, other than such as might have been supplied to a small body of men destined for a brief special service, demonstrates the importance that was attached to a rapid concentration of every available element of strength, for an attack of such gigantic proportions as could leave, even to the most timid, no possible doubt of the result. The Russian troops were animated by the presence and encouragement of two of the sons of the late Emperor, by the consciousness of their own overpowering numbers, and by other stimulants, which, if of a coarser character, had no less power to urge their recipients to rush, with drunken valour and with blind and incredible fury, once and again into the jaws of certain destruction.

Religious ceremonies of the most imposing character, performed during the night previous to the 5th of November by the most exalted functionaries of the church, contributed to lash their usual fanaticism into phrenzy, while Nature herself seemed to conspire against their foes by wrapping the Russian movements in an impenetrable veil of fog, and thus adding to the sacred enterprise those elements of stratagem and surprise, so dear to the Muscovite of every grade, unless all history speak false.

The point selected for the attack was the extreme right of the British position, which was, as we have before stated, defended by the Second Division, who were encamped on the edge of the plateau occupied by the Allies, which, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the camp, falls in a very steep descent to the banks of the Tchernaya. Favoured by darkness and fog, and by the incessant rain, which, softening the ground, had rendered the sound of wheels all but inaudible at a short distance, the Russians had been enabled, during the night, to drag up nearly 63 pieces of artillery to the heights which commanded the left and front of the Second Division, into the very tents of which they subsequently threw quantities of shot and shell. During the sortie of the 26th the enemy had satisfied themselves of the weakness of this important post, which, owing to the extreme diminution in the numbers of the British at this period, the harassing and constant employment of every available man in the trenches, and the various exigencies to be provided for at other points, it had been found impossible, in spite of the urgent representations of Sir De Lacy Evans, to take any steps to strengthen. Shortly after daylight strong columns of the enemy advanced in this direction, and were not perceived till they were close

upon our advanced pickets, who received them with the utmost steadiness, firing as they fell back, contesting every inch of ground, and, by their coolness and courage, giving time to General Pennefather to get his Division under arms and place it in position, supported by its field batteries. It was now apparent that an action of the most serious description was imminent, and preparations on an extended scale, to meet the emergency, were at once made, and are thus briefly described in Lord Raglan's Despatch of the 8th of November :—

" The Light Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown was also brought to the front without loss of time ; the first brigade, under Major-General Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards Sebastopol, protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side ; and the second brigade, under Brigadier-General Buller, forming on the left of the Second Division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance.

" The brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-General Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right, on the *alignement* of the Second Division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the Second Division.

" The Fourth Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack ; the first brigade, under Brigadier-General Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkermann Road ; the second brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya.

" The Third Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England, occupied, in part, the ground vacated by the Fourth Division, and supported the Light Division by two regiments under Brigadier-General Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-General Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches."

The Russian columns now pressed forward in masses of formidable dimensions, protected by a most awful artillery fire from their batteries in position, and from ships moored so as to command the field. As the other divisions came up they gradually came within the range of this fire, which was murderous and deadly in the extreme, and to which our own light field-pieces were utterly unable to reply ; and it was not until Colonel Gambier succeeded in bringing up two eighteen-pounder

siege guns that anything approaching an equality of fire was established. The first sounds of musketry had roused the Guards, and as at this time men and officers all slept in their clothes, a few moments sufficed for the three regiments to fall in, and they were speedily moving in the direction of the fight.

Passing through the camp of the Second Division they reached the Woronzoff road, along which the round-shot was already ploughing its way. Here the Duke of Cambridge received a message which led him to order the Brigade to take ground to the right, and, inquiring in which direction the enemy appeared to be in greatest force, he conducted his men towards the right of the Second Division, where in effect the fray was then the thickest. Advancing steadily under a hail of musket-balls, the Guards reserved their fire until close upon the dense masses who were resolutely coming to meet them, when they opened a destructive fire, in spite of many of their pieces, which had been exposed to the rain of the preceding night, missing. An old sand-bag battery, which had been constructed for two guns, but had not been armed, now became an object of peculiar contest. The enemy had scrambled up it, and evidently considered its possession of great importance, but the Guards charged them with the same resistless impetuosity as had carried everything before them at Alma, and the Russians, who outnumbered them in the proportion of five to one, were driven out with great loss. The new tenants now made the most desperate efforts to retain their acquisition, to which they clung with unparalleled tenacity, numbers of them falling at every moment. Here poor Butler, the brother of the hero of Silistria, met his fate, adding another memory of glory and of sorrow to a name already imperishably connected with the history of the war.

At last, attacked by overwhelming numbers, the Guards found themselves outflanked, and with great difficulty effecting an orderly retreat, the battery again fell to the Russians. Reinforced however by the 20th regiment, they again dashed cheering towards the battery, Colonel Percy, who had been severely wounded at Alma, rushing gallantly to the front, and setting an example which those around him were not slow to emulate. Ammunition now began to fail, but the undaunted assailants found a ready resource in some large fragments of stone with which the ground was strewed; arming themselves with these, they flung them into the masses of Russians, who caught the idea, and for some minutes the air was thick

with huge stones flying in all directions. It was with some of these eccentric missiles, we believe, that Colonel Percy was now again wounded. The primitive but deadly contest was waged for a time with equal vigour on both sides, but the determined pluck of the British again turned the scale, and once more a mêlée of Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers held the battery their own, and from it, on the solid masses of Russians, still poured as good a fire as their ammunition would permit.

Colonel Lindsay now headed a charge with the utmost gallantry on the Russians, who were soon in full retreat, and the Guards, joined by men of all sorts of regiments, picked up ammunition from the dead and dying foe, with which they fired into the enormous retreating columns, causing them the most fearful slaughter. Cheering one another on, and carried away by an indescribable enthusiasm, the glorious little band pushed on too far, and did not discover their false position till some of their men fell shot from behind. For a moment it was believed that the reserves, not perceiving them, were firing into them; but the next, the cry was raised, "The Russians—we're cut off!" "I could see," says an officer, who was fortunate enough to escape from this fearful *guet-àpens*, only to share in another and more decisive charge later in the day, where again he seemed to bear a charmed life, "I could see a sea of Russian caps all round me, and the fire was tremendous." Those of his comrades who succeeded, like himself, in gaining their desperate way back again, now joined an officer who was rallying some men, and the whole of them, having been supplied with fresh ammunition, and headed by the Duke of Cambridge, once more advanced to the attack. Here, as before, Guards and Linesmen were mixed up together, and formed as it were one regiment; for in the darkness and confusion caused by the fog, and with every movement hampered by the thick brushwood which at that time covered the whole of the field, it had been impossible for individuals to rally to their respective corps; and the only thought in every heart was in what direction there might be an enemy to attack or a comrade to succour. Five battalions, despatched by General Canrobert under the command of General Bosquet, had now arrived on the scene of action, and took ground to the right of the British. This was the culminating point of the battle. The French Infantry consisted of a battalion of the Zouaves, and of some other *corps d'élite;* and these magnificent troops now vigorously attacked the already wavering Russians with the point of the bayonet. Thrice and again did they charge with incredible ardour into the close and ponderous legions of the Muscovite,

but it was only after the third charge that the obstinate foe at length beat a sullen retreat, and surrendered the ground, which was covered with his own dead and wounded.

Colonel Gambier had fallen wounded in the very act of bringing up his two eighteen-pounder guns, but their command devolved upon Colonel Dickson, an officer who handled them with such fatal effect, that long lanes were seen to be ploughed through the Russian columns at each discharge; and the enemy's guns, which attempted to reply, were speedily dismantled and rendered useless.

While these events were going on on the right, the Light Division were not idle. A determined assault was made on the extreme left of the English Army; and for a moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the Connaught Rangers, while the fourth was speedily re-captured by the 77th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, an officer of the highest distinction, whose untimely fate in the capture of the Rifle-pits is still doubtless fresh in the memory of every reader. During the thickest of the strife, Sir George Cathcart attempted to make a powerful diversion by descending the valley, and attempting to turn the flank of the enemy with a few companies of the 68th regiment; but finding the heights above him and the surrounding ravines occupied by them in great force, so that he was in fact exposed to a cross-fire from front, flank, and rear, he endeavoured to withdraw his men, in which attempt Brigadier-General Torrens received a severe wound, and his stout-hearted and chivalrous chief was struck down from his horse with a bullet through his head. His body was afterwards found pierced with three bayonet wounds, for the Russians in their brutal ferocity savagely mutilated the dying and the dead alike, and he was interred on the hill which bears his name, where he lies side by side with General Goldie and the other officers of his Division who fell on that fatal day.

Other names have since been added to that sad companionship, amongst them that of the brave and kind-hearted Sir John Campbell, who so worthily succeeded him in the command of the Division, but none which claim a sincerer tribute of regretful admiration. "His loss," says the Duke of Newcastle, "is to the Queen and her people a cause of sorrow, which even dims the triumph of this great occasion;" and Lord Raglan speaks in the most feeling terms of a fate which robbed the service of an officer of the highest merit, and himself of a faithful and attached friend. It was not until four o'clock P.M. that the protracted and fluctuating conflict finally

terminated. About this time the retreat of the Russians had become general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the Inkermann bridge, protected still by a tremendous fire from their field batteries, from those in front of the works of the place, and from the ship guns, but mowed down in numbers by the fatal precision of our artillery. In spite of this the retreat was effected in the most orderly manner, and, as pursuit could only have led to fearful loss on our own side, the English, many of whom had passed the previous night in the trenches, while scarcely any had broken their fast, returned, after many hours of the hardest fighting, to their quarters, hungry and weary, it is true, but with the proud consciousness of having defeated by sheer courage and endurance a desperate enemy at desperate odds, and of having, in the widest and noblest sense of the terms, "deserved well," not only of their country, but of the civilised world. In their glorious task they had been bravely seconded by their staunch Allies the French, and the future historian will share the grateful perplexity of General Canrobert in apportioning the due meed of praise between the "intélligent vigour" of the Gaul and the "energetic solidity" of the Briton.

The losses of the Russians were enormous. Lord Raglan's Despatch estimates them at 15,000 men, and subsequent accounts have all tended rather to increase than diminish this appalling *chiffre*. "The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns, in which every shot that struck at all told with twenty-fold effect." Lord Raglan, who had had ample opportunities of observation, states, that he never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented, and all the accounts vie with each other in representing its horrors as beyond conception. In and around the redoubt, of which such frequent mention has been made, the dead lay literally in heaps, and the embrasures were choked with the bodies of those who had fallen by the bayonet; from 5000 to 6000 were actually buried on the field, on which, to this day, large patches of fresh-looking earth denote where the doomed myriads of the Czar found their last resting-place. The soul sickens and the pen fails in an attempt to describe a carnage so horrible; but softer emotions mingle with these sensations at the recollection of how many of the sons of Civilisation lie side by side with her most bitter enemies, in the calm repose which no animosity may trouble, no shock of earthly battle jar. They sleep in their nameless but sorrow-haunted graves; and in thousands

of once happy homesteads, and by thousands of hearths, whose cheerful light is now solemnly darkened, their memories are enshrined in thoughts of pride and love, and pitying tenderness too big for utterance. Peace to their honoured dust! they have not died in vain. The bright and fervent spirit of their unshaken constancy and dauntless self-devotion burns yet with a kindred glow, and with undiminished lustre, even as the quenchless vestal fire, in countless hearts which pant to emulate their deeds; strengthening them, and purifying them, for the contest which yet remains, and whose end, so long delayed, fast, fast draws nigh.

It only remains to enumerate amongst the killed and wounded those whose eminent position in the army justifies such a selection; where all were heroes any other distinction would be invidious; and a full recapitulation would exceed the limits of our task.

The course of our narrative has already embraced the fall of General Cathcart and of his Brigadier-General Goldie; but a third name, only less illustrious than the first, now claims our notice. In the early part of the day Lord Raglan had established himself on a small knoll, with the object, if possible, of gaining a view, through the mist and rain, of the battle which was raging all around him. His Staff were with him, and among them Brigadier-General Strangways. A shell fell into the centre of the Staff, burst in Captain Poulett Somerset's horse, killed another horse, and then struck off General Strangways' leg. "The poor old General," says Mr. Russell, "never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely in a gentle voice, 'Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?' He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life-blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man in the Army." There is something inexpressibly touching in this simple narrative of the last moments of a brave and good man, who died the death, as he had lived the life, of a soldier.

Among the returns of wounded are found the names of General Sir George Brown, severely; Bentinck, Torrens, severely; and Adams, who subsequently died of his wounds, severely. The Officers killed and wounded on this occasion amounted to 145; Serjeants killed and wounded to 155; and about 2300 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

The Coldstream Guards, who went into action with fifteen officers, came out with eight killed and five wounded from among that small number; and

losses almost equally severe occurred among the officers of more than one of the regiments engaged.

Inkermann has been called "the Soldier's battle:" justly, if it be only meant by the phrase that the nature of the attack, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was made, while they rendered impossible any extensive strategical combination to oppose it, gave an opportunity to all ranks of the army to display an obstinate courage, bordering on desperation, and which amply supplied the place of the most skilful manœuvring.

But the foregoing details imply a limitation to the truth of this description; and the vastly disproportionate number of Officers who suffered, combined with the number of General Officers killed and wounded, proves to demonstration that there was no grade of the Army which did not contribute its full share to the glorious result.

This was the last serious effort of the Russians in this year to compel the Allies to raise the siege; disheartened by repeated repulses, shattered and disorganized by their enormous losses in the place as well as in the field, with no fresh troops to bring up ignorant of the stubborn nature of the foe with whom they were to contend, they found it necessary to devote their whole energies to the task of preparation for the winter, which was now rapidly approaching.

A period of comparative inaction was at hand for both Armies; a forced truce, unacknowledged indeed and incomplete, maintaining at all times a semblance of war, and frequently broken by its reality, but still a truce.

It has been often confidently stated, and there is reason to believe with truth, that, but for the battle of Inkermann, the assault was to have been delivered within a few days of the date of that event; but the Allies, though victorious, had purchased their triumph so dearly, that the intention, if it was ever entertained, was unavoidably, for the time at least, abandoned. Nothing further of consequence could be attempted until the arrival of reinforcements; the sadly diminished numbers of our Army already barely sufficed for the laborious and harassing duties of the trenches; and ere long demands more urgent, and necessities more imperative even than those which had already so severely taxed their patience and their energies, were to try them, up to and beyond the utmost limits of human endurance. On the 14th of November, only nine days after Inkermann, a hurricane of the most terrific violence, and which lasted with unabated fury for several

hours, visited the coasts of the Crimea, and inflicted the most irremediable damage on the Allies, both at sea and on shore. Sweeping with unchecked and ever-increasing force over the bare and elevated plateau on which the armies were encamped, its resistless impetus speedily levelled with the ground everything in the shape of a tent, whilst the drenching showers of rain with which it was accompanied chilled to the bone the wretched troops, who had lost their only shelter, and converted the camps into one vast muddy swamp. Articles of clothing, scraps of uniform, camp furniture of every description, were caught up and whirled far beyond the ken of their despairing owners, who in many instances found it impossible to keep their own footing, and were fain to throw themselves to the earth, and bend to the storm which they could not brave. Snow and sleet now began to mingle with the rain, and the hills gradually assumed a white and wintry aspect, peculiarly discouraging to men who had, perhaps, just returned from the trenches wet and hungry, and who found themselves without tents or means of cooking, and with a prospect of passing the night in the open air. Nor were these severe discomforts the worst results of the gale, even on land; many of the men, both French and English, worn out with fatigue and exposure, succumbed beneath this new and overwhelming trial, and were found lying dead about the camps. But at sea the consequences were more serious still, and here the hurricane, overstepping its former narrow limits of discomfort and disaster, assumed all the terrible proportions of a gigantic calamity. During this awful gale the English lost thirty-two transports. The fine screw steamer Prince, filled with an enormous supply of winter clothing, foundered with all on board,—a fate shared by the Sea Nymph. Of the vessels of war, the Sanspareil was driven on shore, though she had her steam up. The Britannia had five feet of water in her hold. The Agamemnon was driven on shore, but managed to get off, and the engines of the Sampson were seriously damaged. The Retribution was also stranded, but got off by throwing her guns overboard. The French line-of-battle ship Henri Quatre, and the steamer Pluton, were lost off Eupatoria, and another French steamer was dismasted.

Dashed by the merciless waves against the cruel and iron-bound coast, full on which the terrible blast drove them, the English transports, for which there was no room in the crowded harbour of Balaklava, perished miserably under the eyes of friends who could render them no assistance. The loss of life was terrible; that of articles, now scarcely less precious

than life itself, enormous; and the Russians had reason to rejoice at a calamity which, independent of its immediate and palpable effects, reduced the British Army to a state bordering on destitution, thinned its numbers, and all but compelled it to raise the siege.

Winter now set in in the Crimea in its most gloomy aspect, and with those peculiar alternations of cold and mild weather, rain, snow, and frost, which render this climate one of the most trying and treacherous in the world.

Soaked by torrents of rain, the badly-made roads to the camps soon became rotten and impassable for wheels, and the daily rations of the army had to be carried up by mules and pack-horses, and, in too many instances, by the men themselves, who, after twenty-four hours' service in the muddy ditches, which the trenches had now become, frequently found themselves compelled, by the stern necessity of procuring food, to trudge down to Balaklava and back again, a distance of from ten to fourteen miles, ere they could hope for rest or refreshment. Nor did their miseries end here. The brushwood, with which the ground occupied by our troops was originally covered, had gradually but rapidly been used up to the last branch to furnish fuel; and now that the supply was exhausted, the weary and worn-out soldier was driven to the laborious process of grubbing up the roots, which every day became more difficult to discover, before he could cook his breakfast. Incredible as it at first appeared, it is, nevertheless, now a well-authenticated fact, that for months the men were compelled to roast their own coffee, which, owing to some inexplicable mistake, or blind persistance in a ridiculous routine, continued to be issued to them green. The loss of the Prince had, by a mysterious Providence, deprived them of enormous stores of warm clothing at the moment when they were most imperiously required; and, if transport for food was difficult to obtain, and frequently not obtainable, it will be readily understood that the huts, which had arrived at Balaklava, had small chance of reaching the front, where, even up to the return of Spring, it is notorious that the majority of the army was still under canvass. At times the weather was so excessively severe, the cold so insufferably bitter, that it was sadly but seriously discussed, by those exposed to it, whether a few more degrees of fall in the barometer would not suffice to destroy, to the last man, the remnant of the finest army that ever left these shores, and to exhibit, on a grander and more appalling scale, a repetition of the horrible disaster which attended the ill-fated expedition to Cabul. Cases of frost-

bite, of the most aggravated description, now became common in the camp, and men actually paraded for duty with bare feet because they could no longer force them, swelled and maimed as they were, into their ragged and rotten shoes. It is not surprising that, under such a complication of wretchedness and suffering, sickness and mortality should have developed themselves to an alarming extent; that hospitals should have become crowded, and burial-grounds choked. But it will ever be a matter of grateful wonder and enthusiastic admiration, that, surrounded by privation, disease, and death, the steadfast firmness of the troops was never shaken, that they still struggled on, and still bore up; "seldom," as it has been most happily expressed "desponding, and never despairing;" still looking to the one great end, and contemplating, with calmness and resignation, every eventuality but one,—that of the siege being raised. Such an idea, indeed, seems never even to have suggested itself, or, if suggested, to have been repelled with indignation as an alternative worse than the worst that could befal. During the months of December and January the distresses of the Army reached their climax. In spite of every effort on the part of the Commissariat, in spite of the cheerful assistance rendered by the French, who themselves suffered more severely than has ever been made known, but whose superiority in numbers enabled them to employ a considerable body of men to aid us in road-making, and in carrying up food and fuel to the front; in spite of the generosity and self-denial of the regimental officers, who in innumerable instances sacrificed their bât-horses with a similar object, and pinched themselves to contribute to the comfort of those under their command, hunger itself was now at times added to the long list of the soldier's miseries.

The hospitals at Scutari were rapidly filled with the gaunt forms of those who had fallen victims to the sword, to exposure, fatigue, and starvation; and, for a time, still more rapidly emptied by the exchange of the narrow bed of pain and fever, for a calmer and untroubled resting-place—the grave.

In February, however, the tide began to turn; the weather assumed a milder character, which it retained, despite occasional relapses, until the arrival of Spring; fresh supplies of warm clothing had come to replace those lost in the Prince; the rain had almost entirely ceased, and, while the ordinary roads were every day becoming more practicable, the railway, that stupendous innovation on the routine of military engineering, was already in full operation as far as Kadikoi; the Commissariat benefited

by the general improvement in the position of affairs, and full rations once more became the rule, and scarcity the exception. The story too of the unexampled hardships endured by the troops, narrated with the force and fidelity to be expected from men who had witnessed and shared in them, had reached home at a season when the ever-warm English heart is most peculiarly open to the influences of love and brotherhood and compassion—and through the length and breadth of the land it was felt that no Christmas cheer could be enjoyed, no Christmas festivities be indulged in, while the troops we had sent to conquer Sebastopol were starving before its walls, and no effort made from home to relieve them. A committee was formed, with the Earl of Ellesmere at its head, for receiving and forwarding to the Crimea such comforts and luxuries as might be most appropriate to the condition of the troops and the period of the year. Contributions poured in from every quarter with unexampled rapidity and profusion, and it was soon discovered that the yachts which had been placed at the disposal of the committee were quite inadequate to the stowage of the enormous quantities of goods which were continually arriving. Steamers were accordingly freighted for this purpose at the expense of the fund, the subscriptions to which, in money alone, eventually exceeded 20,000*l*. The articles thus sent out were, for the most part, of a nature different from and supplemental to those supplied by the Commissariat, and this timely change of diet is stated to have had the most beneficial effect on the health of the Army. Reinforcements now began to arrive; invalids, restored to health and strength, returned to their several regiments; confidence once more arose, the siege-works were resumed, and everything gave promise of the renewal of operations in the Spring, under happier auspices, and with a fuller assurance of success. This promise has been, in spite of one unavoidable and painful reverse, amply redeemed by the steady and irresistible progress of the Allies during the Campaign of 1855, and by the great event of the 8th September, which was its necessary result. But the story of this Campaign will more appropriately accompany the series of Mr. Simpson's drawings which is now being published, and which are specially devoted to its illustration.

It is with pain that we have been compelled, at the close of this brief and imperfect sketch of events destined to form the most glorious page in English History, to allude to the calamities which for a time darkened but could not dim their lustre; and in doing so we have not been actuated by any desire to exhume forgotten faults and shortcomings, or to rip up

SAN FRANCISCO FREE PUBLIC

bygone controversies, better covered in oblivion. Great mistakes and fatal errors were no doubt committed, and it is difficult to believe that there was not somewhere an almost inexcusable want of forethought and prudence; but, on a calm and dispassionate review of all the facts, it will, we believe, be generally admitted, that the blame which has been so freely cast on individuals was more strictly due to a vicious and unmanageable system.

It would have been unjust, however, to those who suffered in consequence, to omit or pass lightly over events which redound so highly to their credit; and which form the cloud whose very blackness brings out and heightens the bright lustre of their heroism.

Splendid as were the achievements at Alma, and Balaklava, and Inkermann, parallels more or less just may be sought and found to them; but the world's history does not present a spectacle so sublime, as the noble fortitude and unmurmuring patience of the men who perished at their post rather than desert it; and who fell, not with the flush of battle on their cheeks and the shout of victory on their lips, but yielding to the slow sapping of want and sickness and deferred hope, fighting with an unseen and ever-restless foe, and cheerfully protracting the hopeless struggle from which death alone could force them to desist.

They lie on the bleak hills of the Chersonesus, and beneath the gloomy cypresses of Scutari, with no monument to record their mournful glories; but their epitaph is written in the hearts of their countrymen, as it has been graven in characters of fire on the stronghold of their foe.

W. Simpson del. E.K. Thomas, lith. London, P.S. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son lith.rs to the Queen

THE CAVALRY AFFAIR OF THE HEIGHTS OF BULGANAK — THE FIRST GUN

[illegible] Sept. 1854

THE CAVALRY AFFAIR OF THE HEIGHTS OF BULGANAK.

This smart little affair, which took place the day before the Battle of the Alma, and within five days from the landing of the Allies in the Crimea, was the first encounter with the Russians, and, while it demonstrated the superiority of our Cavalry and Horse Artillery to that of the enemy, it encouraged the troops, who hailed it as an omen of that success which, in the space of one short year, has so frequently waited on, and at last so fully crowned, our arms.

The artist has chosen for his illustration the moment when the Russian guns are opening their fire on the English Cavalry, who have crossed the stream and advanced into the valley to offer battle to a large body of the enemy's Dragoons and Cossacks, posted on the opposite heights. Two or three puffs of white smoke mark the spot where the first guns of the campaign uttered their hoarse defiance to the Allies, and awoke echoes which, rolling over the well-contested fields of Alma and Inkermann, Balaklava and the Tchernaya, and swelled to a solemn and terrible diapason on the blood-stained plateau before Sebastopol, reached their latest reverberations in the sound of the Tower and Park ordnance, which, on the 11th September, announced to rejoicing England the fall of the Russian stronghold.

On the right, and in rear of the guns, are seen the masses of Russian cavalry slowly descending the hill, with a line of skirmishers thrown out in front. In the centre of the picture are the 11th Hussars and the 13th Light Dragoons, drawn up in two lines, in front of the first of which are Lord Cardigan and his staff, while Lord Lucan with his staff are on the left in front of the second line. On the left of the foreground the 17th Lancers and a few of the 8th Hussars are held in reserve, and on their flank two or three more Staff Officers are to be seen conversing.

The English Artillery has not yet replied to the enemy, but the rapid pace at which the two troops under Captains Maude and Brandling, on the extreme right, are coming forward to take up their position, hints unmistakably that the respite will be but a short one. In fact, so efficiently did both these distinguished officers handle their guns,

that, within fifteen minutes of their opening fire, the Russians retired, with a loss, it is stated, of twelve killed, and twenty-three wounded, while our own amounted but to five men wounded and three horses killed. Lord Raglan bestows the highest praise on the spirit, coolness, and steadiness, with which the Light Brigade behaved, as well as on the judicious manner in which they were handled by Lord Cardigan; and it was universally agreed that this short but brilliant encounter reflected the greatest credit on both arms of the service which were engaged in it.

BALAKLAVA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

Balaklava is thus described by the amusing and scientific German traveller, Koch:—

"I had certainly been told a good deal about the peculiar position of this little town, but when we descended from the plateau, and the hollow, with its dark blue waters, lay expanded before us, it surpassed all we had ever seen, all we had ever heard. The basin is about a mile in diameter, and is surrounded, with the exception of a narrow gorge, by very precipitous and only partially wood-covered rocks, which have an elevation of some hundred feet. The arm of the sea occupies nearly the whole of the hollow, and, save on the side opposite to us, where the water comes up close to the rocks, is surrounded by a green velvety lawn. Here lies, too, the little town of Balaklava, composed of a few private houses and a number of shops. The agricultural inhabitants have settled on the slope, which we descended in order to be nearer the produce of their industry.

"The inhabitants are Greeks, who quitted Turkey in the reign of the great Catherine, and, having obtained special privileges, settled on the same spot, where, more than 2000 years before, colonists from Asia Minor, Milesians, established themselves and founded the colony of Symbolon (Cembalo among the Italians of the Middle Ages)." The descendants of these Greeks were forced to quit the town rather abruptly, soon after its occupation by the English, in consequence of the most positive information having reached Lord Raglan that many of them

were engaged in a conspiracy to set fire to our shipping and stores. Dr. Koch continues: "The romantic acclivities, which are formed of a greyish-blue or light-red Jura rock, have their beauty augmented by the numerous ruins visible upon them. Here, certainly, stood the old castle by which the entrance to the straits was commanded. Traces are still found of an immense outer wall, and there are two towers in a respectable state of preservation, one of which is built right above the narrow entrance. A harbour more protected against storms and sudden attack it would be difficult to find."

Curiously enough he adds, "It is, however, too small ever to acquire any importance."

Dr. Koch views with extreme indulgence a theory of Dubois de Montpereux, that this was the spot described by Homer in the tenth book of the *Odyssey*, in a passage thus translated by Pope:—

> "Within a long recess a bay there lies,
> Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
> The jutting shores, that swell on either side,
> Contract its mouth and break the rushing tide.
> Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
> And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
> For here, retired, the sinking billows sleep,
> And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep.
> I only in the bay refused to moor,
> And fixed, without, my hawsers to the shore."

Whatever may be the merits of this question, into which we shall not follow the disputants, the poetic description applies so justly and accurately to the peculiar characteristics of the land-locked harbour of Balaklava, and illustrates so happily the point of view selected by Mr. Simpson, that we shall not apologise for its introduction in this place; and shall only add to it by a brief notice of the most striking features of the drawing. A couple of tents, part of the encampment, form the foreground, and in front of these some English soldiers are cooking their rations, while a hungry Tartar in the costume of the country looks on, and receives instruction, at once ocular and olfactory, in the mysteries of the Western *cuisine*. The town is exhibited as it appeared on our first arrival, with the exception that some of the houses present a somewhat dilapidated aspect, having been destroyed by the troops in order to obtain fuel. Amongst the buildings, two of the most conspicuous are a new church still unfinished, and a large square house,

W. Simpson, del. — J. K. Thomas, lith. London P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ⁿ Day & Son, Lith.ʳˢ to the Queen

THE GALE OFF THE PORT OF BALAKLAVA
14th Novr 1854

the grasp of the boldest conception. Fortunately this is one of the scenes to which the pencil is more capable of doing justice than the pen, and the terrible majesty and resistless power of the mighty tempest are brought home so vividly and forcibly to the eye and to the heart, by the magnificent picture which now claims our attention, that we shall not pretend to do more than accompany it with a few brief words of elucidation and comment.

On the evening of the 13th November the barometer fell so rapidly, and so low, as to presage, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the approaching storm. Warned in time, Admiral Lyons prudently steamed out to sea in the Agamemnon to secure a wide berth; but when, on the following morning, the strong wind arose, and rushed in its impetuous career across the sorely troubled waters of the Euxine, in search of its prey, it found a ready-prepared holocaust, such as never was offered on the altars of the most implacable of heathen deities.

Thirty transports and several ships of war lay in the offing of the Port of Balaklava, whose narrow entrance is with difficulty made, by all but the smaller craft, even in the most favourable weather, — with a precipitous and iron-bound coast on their lee, and water of immense depth up to the very rocks, whose inhospitable sides offered only the gloomy alternative of doubtful captivity to those who should escape from certain death.

The morning dawned dark and cheerless, masses of black and angry-looking clouds shut out the sun and obscured the sky, or, at times, through their rifts, gave passage to gleams of wild and lurid light, which displayed at once and augmented the horrors of the scene. It had blown heavily during the night, but the wind now rapidly increased to a violence and fury such as the oldest pilots never before remembered to have witnessed. The sea rose with its own peculiar abruptness, and, as it dashed its gigantic waves upon the iron barrier of the coast, they broke into clouds of spray, which mounted for hundreds of feet up the precipitous cliff, and dispersed themselves far away inland. Blinding vapours of scud and mist, mingled with hail, came driving down the gale, shutting out the horizon, and wrapping the fearful waste of seething waters in a still more fearful gloom. Anon they lifted only to discover the strongest ships snatched from their anchors, and hurled with inconceivable violence upon the rocks, where a few minutes sufficed for the work of their destruction.

PLATE II.

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLIC LIBRARY

W. Simpson, del. – E. Walker, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Cº. Day & Son, lith.rs to the Queen.

COMMISSARIAT DIFFICULTIES.

The road from Balaklava to Sebastopol, at Kadikoi, during the wet weather.

up by ropes from their perilous position at the foot of the precipices where they had found a precarious respite from the terrors of the storm.

In the foreground of the drawing which has given rise to this imperfect sketch, the Prince and the Rip Van Winkle are described in the last moments of their fruitless struggle with the pitiless elements. A little while, and the hoarse notes of unavailing command, the bitter cry for help where no help is, the half-uttered yet fervent prayer, and the loud despairing shrieks of hundreds as they meet their doom, will be alike for ever hushed, and the jarring discords of the ocean and the skies echoed only, at ever decreasing intervals, by

> "the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Her Majesty's steam frigates Retribution, Niger, and Vesuvius, the transport ship Melbourne, the Progress, and other vessels which with varying fortunes shared the perils of this awful day, are dimly and with difficulty discerned looming through mist and darkness. In the centre, the Avon is seen steaming into the hardly-won entrance of the port, and the background is formed by the outline of the rugged and abrupt cliffs which continue the coast line into the farthest distance, till their sombre forms blend at last with the angry billows, or the wild and dreary sky above them.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF THE ENGLISH BATTERIES.

This drawing, like all those which depict Sebastopol as it was, derives a new and deeper interest from the glorious success which has so recently crowned the patient perseverance and the long-protracted efforts of the Allied Armies. Since the period when the view was taken, sad havoc has been made by war's unmannerly hand among the proud palaces and the stately edifices of the "white-walled city by the sea;" and, though the attempt of its late masters to complete the ruin and desolation of a place they were compelled to abandon to their foes may have partially failed, few can doubt that for long, if not for ever, its ancient "glory has departed."

contributed so largely to the final success, and vindicated for the fleet their share in a triumph from which a recreant foe would fain have excluded them.

In the distance the Armadas of France and England, drawn up in proud array, observe the offing; and, like grim dogs of war, keep watch and ward, lest the destined prey escape from the dread embrace which is every day tightening around it, never again to be relaxed until its annihilation is accomplished.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY CAVALRY BRIGADE,

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

In the background of this picture the eye, already familiar with the scene, recognises the crowded harbour of Balaklava, and the Genoese forts surmounting the heights which shut it in on the east; on the left the ground rises gradually to the bold and magnificent promontory of Cape Aia and the chain of hills which skirt the whole of the south-eastern extremity of the Crimea. In the middle distance on the right, on a hill overlooking Kadikoi, we observe a sailors' battery protecting our lines; beneath it are the church of that village, and the camp and intrenchments of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders, in front of which the 93d Regiment are drawn up in line. It is the moment when they have so successfully repulsed the Russian cavalry, who had been detached to attack them, and who are now flying, faster than they came, to the shelter of their position. The foreground is occupied by the camp of our Light Cavalry Brigade, which was shamefully plundered by the flying Turks, after they had abandoned the redoubts; and the squadrons of the Heavy Cavalry are seen sweeping down in admirable order, and at an irresistible pace, to encounter the dense masses of Russian horsemen who are advancing to meet them. We shall make no apology for introducing in this place Mr. Russell's account of this splendid feat of arms, which, as well as his description of the charge of the Light Cavalry brigade, we have ventured to borrow from his inimitable letters, in the conviction that no other pen, least of all our own, could do equal justice to these unparalleled achievements. After narrating the flight of the Turks, and their re-formation on the flanks of the Highlanders, Mr. Russell thus pursues his story:—

"As the Russian Cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers and Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve.

"The Cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our Cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet: gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak, topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense, every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock: but, ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep.' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own Cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians, evidently *corps d'élite*, their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver

lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our Cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian Cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses gather way, nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian Cavalry brings forward each wing as our Cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart; the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the Red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming up to swallow our handful of men.

"By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our Dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and, thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

"Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say 'Well done!' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The Cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our Heavy Dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our Light Cavalry.

SECOND CHARGE OF THE GUARDS

AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

The Battle of Inkermann has already been described at length in another part of this work. Mr. Simpson has chosen for delineation in this view the moment when the Guards, reinforced after their first check, are making their second successful charge into the well-known Sandbag Battery, from which they had been driven at an earlier period of the day by overwhelming numbers.

The rear and flanks of the battery as well as the sides of the steep ridge above the Tchernaya are crowded with the innumerable hosts of

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Russian infantry, whose closely-packed columns in vain struggle to keep at bay the thinned but undaunted line of their resolute assailants. Already the contest is becoming hand-to-hand, and the foreground is filled with a mêlée of Russians and Grenadiers, clubbing their muskets, and interchanging bayonet thrusts, as they near each other in the deadly strife. The sides, the front, and the interior of the battery, are thickly strewn with the dead and the dying of either side, and grey great-coats, flat caps, and bearskins, muskets and accoutrements, lie all around in inextricable confusion. Clouds of smoke in the centre of the picture indicate the fierce and continuous musketry fire which is rolling along the hostile lines, till it dies away in the far distance at the base of the hill, where the Russians have posted their artillery, dragged up to its top during the favouring obscurity of the preceding night. A shell from one of these guns is bursting in the very midst of our Grenadiers, close to the spot where four soldiers are carrying off to the rear on a stretcher an officer, evidently severely wounded. On the right the picturesque ruins of Inkermann, and the placid waters of the Tchernaya, bordered with a fringe of over-shadowing trees, present a scene of peaceful repose, which contrasts strangely and mournfully with the fearful spectacle of havoc and desolation, and with the fierce raging of the storm of human passion, on the field of battle.

Such a scene, so vividly portrayed, cannot fail to awaken in every heart, not dead to the kindly influences of Christian charity and love to his fellow-men, the most earnest longing for the consummation purchased at so dear a price,—purchased with the life-blood freely poured from thousands of noble hearts, and with the agonised tears of those to whom the loved and lost were dearer than life itself,—a longing for peace, honourable, just, and enduring,—not an insult to the dead, but a pledge of happiness and security to the living, and to the unborn generations who shall bless and cherish the memory of the heroes who perished to obtain it.

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise."

LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT KHUTOR KARAGATCH.

A group of unpretending farm buildings, with a few stunted trees in front of them, and a sentry pacing up and down his monotonous beat, mark the head-quarters of the British Army in the Crimea. The winter's sun throws the faint shadows of the trees on the white walls of the building, and enlivens the general aspect of the scene.

A group of French and English Officers in earnest conversation, several led horses in different parts of the court-yard, and mounted orderlies arriving and departing, give an air of business to the foreground inseparable from the centre of the vast and complicated machinery of a large army in an enemy's country. It was here that Lord Raglan lived through the long and dreary winter, and amidst circumstances the most trying, with prospects which seemed each day to grow darker, with the army which he loved perishing before his eyes, assailed by the most senseless calumny and the most galling detraction, his heroic courage, his unshaken confidence in the fortunes of his country, never for a moment quailed. The weight of an enormous responsibility, the failure of an enterprise in which he had engaged from a sentiment of the most exalted chivalry rather than with any expectation of success, grief for the repeated loss of near and valued friends, and the assaults of a disease which selects as its peculiar victims those who are exposed to severe mental anxiety, at length combined to break the noble spirit which they could not bend. He died as he had lived, calmly and grandly, surrounded by the affectionate veneration of all who had the privilege of his intimacy, and bewailed with the sincerest sorrow by the men whom he had commanded, by the Allies, and by his country.

Justice has long since been rendered to the eminent qualities which distinguished him as a man, a citizen, and a soldier: his gentle and conciliating manners, so peculiarly fitting him for the delicate and difficult duties of a divided command,—his unvarying affability, his kindness of heart, his courage, "which rivalled that of antiquity,"—his unswerving devotion in the path of duty,—all these were known and admitted, even by those who affected to deny to him the more brilliant characteristics of a great general. But time, which has silenced his calumniators, and trans-

W. Simpson del. F. Z. Thomas lith.

London, G. & J. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

DISTANT VIEW OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS, BALAKLAVA.

A QUIET DAY IN THE DIAMOND BATTERY

ferred the blame once so lavishly and so unjustly bestowed upon him to the really guilty, has also matured the results which he had so ably prepared, though he was not permitted to behold them. The fall of Sebastopol, and the circumstances which attended it, have amply vindicated the wisdom and the policy of many of his actions which were once the most freely censured; and every day adds another distinguished name to the cloud of witnesses whose position enables, as their convictions command them, to enhance the lustre of a name, which England will ever count amongst those of the bravest, the wisest, and the best of her sons.

DISTANT VIEW OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

We have here the subject of the preceding sketch viewed from a distance, and connected with the surrounding camps, and the offensive and defensive works of the contending armies. The position of the English and French batteries is again clearly indicated, and beyond them are seen the Russian defences and the town, with the English fleet in the far distance. The several camps are those of the 3d and 4th Divisions, of the Heavy Cavalry, and of Captain Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery. On the extreme right is a small farmhouse, surrounded with tents, below which are those of General Scarlett. The emaciated body of a dead horse in the foreground tells its own tale, and informs us that the difficulties and disasters of winter have already commenced,—disasters typed at once and augmented by the fate of the wretched animals who perished by thousands on the road to the camp, the worn-out victims of fatigue and starvation.

A QUIET DAY IN THE DIAMOND BATTERY.

PORTRAIT OF A LANCASTER 68-POUNDER, 15TH DECEMBER, 1854.

A quiet day! an interval of calm between the past and coming storm, a brief intermission in the rolling of the thunder,—a moment of repose snatched from the toil and turmoil, the anxiety and harass, the dread

monotony of the protracted strife. The unwonted silence is unbroken, save that now and again the rare report of some isolated gun comes lazily down the wind, and is formally answered from the opposing battery,—an interchange of cartels which just serves to assert the continuance of hostilities, and to vindicate the vigilance of the combatants. We are looking down into the interior of the Diamond Battery, so called because manned by sailors from Her Majesty's ship Diamond. The gabions and sand-bags, which form so important an element in the construction of works of this description, are carefully delineated in this picture, from which the curious in the secrets of military engineering may take a lesson in the art. Standing, sitting, and lying about the batteries, are groups of the devil-may-care sons of Neptune, displaying that happy *abandon* and easy grace of posture which distinguish them, whether on their own element or on shore. It is easy to gather from the innovations on their "nautical rig," which has suffered, not indeed a "sea change," but a terrestrial metamorphose, that they are rapidly accustoming themselves to this new phase of their amphibious existence, to whose exigencies they have accommodated themselves with their wonted facility.

Behind the traverses we catch a glimpse of the military guard of the trenches, whose costume *de rigueur*, and stiff precision of attitude, form a striking contrast to the unfettered garb and careless demeanour of the tars. Looking over the parapet, and utterly unconscious, or if conscious unmindful, of the hail of Minié bullets which such an apparition never fails to elicit from the ready rifles of the Russian outposts, stands Captain Peel, a son of the late Sir Robert Peel, whose already distinguished career gave promise when he volunteered, among the first, for duty in the trenches, of the brilliant and dashing services which he has since rendered there. Immediately below Captain Peel is Commander Burnet.

But what is that colossal object in the centre of the drawing, on whose portrait—evidently a labour of love—the Artist has bestowed so much of care? Reader! those round and flowing outlines, that exquisite proportion of parts, that smooth and brightly-polished surface, those vast yet not unwieldy dimensions, appertain to one of the creations of the War,—a joint and felicitous improvisation of Vulcan and of Mars, capable of hurling to an incredible distance missiles to which the terrible bolts of Jove himself are but as pop-gun pellets. It is a Lancaster 68-pounder gun, an implement of destruction Titanic in its forces, and "beautiful exceedingly" in the stern beauty of fitness for its terrible purpose. So

W. Simpson, del. & lith. & Vincent Brooks, Imp.

London, R. & J. Cundall, 12 Old Bond Street.

grand an actor in the bloody drama of War was not likely to escape the attention of the spectators on the other side of the house, and the fracture observable on the gun-carriage proves how well the enemy's artillerymen were able to mark their appreciation of this great performer's powers.

Such are the main features of this interesting scene; the accessories in the shape of round shot, grape, and cases of shell ready for use, huts and sleeping-holes for the men, and the sadly suggestive and too necessary stretcher, are familiar to every one who has visited any of the batteries, and need no more than indication to the general reader.

THE FIELD OF INKERMANN.

The fields on which the great battles of the world have been decided are objects of interest to the remotest generations of men, and while the sites of large and populous cities become a topic for antiquarian disputes, and shrines once the most frequented cannot now boast a single worshipper, an endless succession of pilgrims continues to visit with pious enthusiasm and assiduous culture spots most frequently devoid of any remarkable natural beauties, but which are hallowed and endeared by the imperishable memory of the glorious deeds of which they have been the theatre. Though other contests have been marked by far greater mutual carnage, and have been attended by immediate results of higher moment, yet the real importance of the successful resistance at Inkermann can scarcely be overrated; and the enormous disproportion between the forces of the Allies and those of their assailants casts a halo over the victory, only less brilliant than the inextinguishable radiance which for ever illumines the deadly struggle at Thermopylæ.

Few Englishmen, then, will be inclined to undervalue so careful and accurate a delineation of the ground which is enriched with the blood of their compatriots, of their friends, and of those nearer and dearer to them still, as is given in the drawing now under our consideration, and which illustrates, as nothing else could, the nature and conditions of the great battle, which so completely frustrated the well-grounded hopes of the Russians, and enabled the Allies to maintain the siege through the long and trying months of winter.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far in our task will have no difficulty in recognising the two-gun battery on the slope of the hill above the ruins of Inkermann, which, with a slight breastwork, seen on the left of the picture, formed the only works of defence existing on the 5th of November.

He will as easily renew his acquaintance with the hills occupied by the Russian artillery, but which are now crested with a line of French batteries. Starting from the one immediately above the head of the harbour, the next to his left is the "Batterie du Clocheton;" then on the summit of Cossack, or Shell Hill, the eminence in the middle distance, he will perceive the "Batterie des Trois Nations;" lower down, and on the extreme left, the neatly-finished work, surrounding a group of tents, is called the "Batterie du Champ-de-Bataille." Sebastopol is again visible in the distance, and to the left of it, quite on the sky-line, the Picket-house, a small building, from which an admirable view of the town was obtainable. We shall close these remarks by an extract from the letter of a gentleman who visited the field two or three months after the battle, and who thus describes his impressions:—

"Immediately after lunch we set out for Inkermann, and R * * *, most good-naturedly to gratify a wish of mine, started from the spot where the Grenadiers' Camp stood on the night preceding the 5th; and we followed the exact road taken by the Guards to the Sandbag Battery, when they first came up with the Russians.

"As he rehearsed the events of that incomparable day, amidst the scenes and on the very spots of ground where they took place, I was deeply impressed with the glorious, but sad and solemn memories, his narrative and the place so vividly called forth. There, on the very ground on which I stood, had occurred that fearful and thrice-repeated death-struggle, which ended in the final ejection of the Russians from the battery; and as I listened to the thrilling narrative of the heroic deeds of a handful of men, the most difficult thing to realise was that he who told the tale, and who had been an actor in the strife, should be there again a living and breathing man.

"We wandered together over every inch of the fatal field not interdicted to us by the French sentries, and at every step we stumbled on unmistakable relics of the tremendous slaughter inflicted on the Russians. Though every visitor to the field, and their name is Legion, bears away with him some memento, the ground is still thickly strewn with Russian

pouches, great-coats, bayonet-hilts, cartridges, and accoutrements. Round shot and large fragments of shell are everywhere to be seen; and were the most inexperienced man suddenly placed amidst such a mass of these objects, he would need no *cicerone* to tell him, 'Here was a great battle fought.'

"One of the most striking peculiarities of the field is the constant recurrence of large patches of fresh earth. These are the graves where the countless myriads of the Czar, and the gallant sons of France and England,—fewer, yet all too many,—lie in their last sleep: and one could not contemplate them without speculating on the mysterious doom which compels men, who have no inborn hostility to each other, to this wholesale mutual slaughter.

"So it has ever been, so may it soon for ever cease to be, are the obvious reflection and the earnest prayer evoked by such a spectacle."

SENTINEL OF THE ZOUAVES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Winter indeed—and winter in an enemy's country! Snow everywhere—snow in the sky and on the earth; snow on the hills and in the valley—on the fragile tent and on the substantial city; snow on guns and gun-carriages; nay, even on the shaggy coat and dark capote of that grim-looking Zouave sentry, who seems to defy the weather even as he does the foe. Brave souls! how many associations of glory and of mirth, of reckless daring and heroic contempt of death, of ready wit and never-failing resource, of cheerfulness under privation, and gaiety under fire, of strange contrasts and quaint fraternizations with eccentric "insulars;" how many a reminiscence of camp-fire revelries, of furtive foragings and extemporaneous *cuisines*, dear to the heart of Soyer, spring up at the very mention of the name of Zouaves! Methinks even now I see their strange yet picturesque costume, their ample beards and closely-shaven polls, their swaggering gait, their quick intelligent eye, their air of latent devilry, and look of epicurean *insouciance*. Who, that has once seen, shall yet forget the ever-varying humours, the salient characteristics, of these *enfants gâtés* of the French Army, who unite the contrasting qualities of the sons of civilisation and of the children of the desert—equally prepared

with the bayonet and the repartee, the bullet and the *bon-mot;* at once the staunchest of friends and the sternest of foes, and always first in the fray and latest at the feast?

Fair reader, your gentle bosom warms with the tenderest emotions of charity and compassion as you contemplate that solitary soldier, exposed to the harsh inclemency of the winter's night; but take comfort, a short space more and he will be relieved; a little while and the *pot-au-feu* will be removed from the blazing embers of the camp-fire, and, as he discusses its savoury contents in the society of a few of the choicest spirits of the regiment, cold and hardship will be alike forgotten amidst the enlivening strains of the *chanson-à-boire,* in which "Papa Nicholas" is relegated to a locality where the thermometer never falls within many degrees of zero.

COMMISSARIAT DIFFICULTIES.

THE ROAD FROM BALAKLAVA TO SEBASTOPOL AT KADIKOI, DURING THE WET WEATHER.

Shade of Macadam! if ever thou

Revisitest the glimpses of the moon,

avert thy bewildered gaze! Let no return of mundane curiosity lead thee to the world-renowned Balaklava, or tempt thee to wander on the classic plateau of the Chersonese. Rather betake thee to the smooth broad highway of the Great North Road, or seek a congenial resting-place for thy shadowy feet where the impetuous coursers of the Brighton "Age" erst spurned with galloping hoofs the fast-receding ground. On this remote peninsula, and on this treacherous soil, thy grand invention is undreamed of or untried. The well-crushed granite, the gently-arching causeway, are alike unknown; and beneath the Cimmerian blackness of the sky the road lies buried fathom-deep, *horresco referens!* in still more black Cimmerian mud. There is indeed no longer any road, but one deep watercourse of slush and filth—one huge illimitable Slough of Despond.

In vain Turkish arabajees and Tartar buffalo-drivers, in vain the stoutest-hearted artillerymen, contend with the slimy element; at every pace a broken wheel, a foundered ordnance-waggon, an inextricable gun, mark and increase the hopeless difficulties of the dreary pilgrimage. On,

W. Simpson del. E. Walker, lith

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE GRAVES IN THE FORT ON CATHCART'S HILL

Of the Officers 4th Division who fell at Inkermann.

on, brave hearts! the army must be fed, the siege-train be supplied; the front must be attained, though every step be but a deeper difficulty—though blows and persuasion alike fail to extract one solitary effort more from the out-wearied beasts of burden, whose mud-bedraggled corpses lie at every yard thicker and thicker on the fatal strand.

Shade of Macadam, listen yet! and bear back to thy else sorrow-haunted limbo the accents of hope and encouragement. From out this chaos order shall yet arise; the navvie and the wheelbarrow shall avenge thine insulted manes; and tones of sweetest import shall ere long soothe thy ghostly tympanum, telling of the inauguration of the Railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol.

THE GRAVES IN THE FORT ON CATHCART'S HILL

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH DIVISION WHO FELL AT INKERMANN.

Catchcart's Hill is familiar to all who have visited the British position before Sebastopol as a point from which an excellent view of the town was to be obtained; it is, and ever will be, memorable as the last earthly resting-place of some of the most conspicuous among that band of heroes who sacrificed themselves on the fatal field of Inkermann for their country's honour, and for the civilisation of the world. The heroic and chivalrous Cathcart, the brave and gentle Strangways, the gallant Goldie, lie here surrounded by the honoured ashes of their companions in arms, whose rank only was less illustrious, whose fate was all as glorious. A brief enumeration of their names and services will be all which our limits will admit of. Major Townsend was killed by a fragment of a shell at the moment when he was endeavouring to save the guns of his battery, already almost in the possession of the enemy, whose skirmishers had picked off, with a fire of deadly precision, the majority of the gunners at their post. His devotion cost him his life, but it effected its object; and, thanks to the intrepidity of Lieutenant Miller, the last of the compromised guns was safely withdrawn.

Colonel Seymour, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Adjutant-General of the Fourth Division, had been already wounded before Sir George

patience of the spiritual soldier; but in resignation and submission, in the belief that the grave is not life's goal, in the hope that soars above it to a world where partings are unknown, they may emulate the dauntless courage and the generous self-devotion of those whom they lament, and claim with them a purer, a holier, and a more lasting kindred, than the sweetest ties of earthly and perishable affection.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE,

25TH OCTOBER, 1854.

We have elsewhere attempted to describe the theatre of this magnificent charge, and it is merely necessary to add, in further explanation of this drawing, that the ridge of land intervening between the foreground and the range of hills in the distance separates the ground of the Heavy Cavalry Charge from that of the Light Cavalry. We shall now leave the reader in the hands of Mr. Simpson and of "Our own Correspondent:"

"Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared, without a thought, to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war that 'Cavalry never act without a support,' that 'Infantry should be close at hand when Cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous,' and that it is necessary to have, on the flank of a line of Cavalry, some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our Light Cavalry had was the reserve of Heavy Cavalry at a great distance behind them, the Infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

"At ten minutes past eleven our Light Cavalry Brigade advanced. The whole Brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and

W. Simpson del. & Walker lith.

Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

FUR AND WARM CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY

just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes, as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns."

HUTS AND WARM CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY.

The road from Balaklava to the front, in another phase of its Protean existence. The Commissariat and its difficulties seem alike to have disappeared, the mud has given place to snow, and the leaden sky overhead is painfully suggestive that there is, in the words of the immortal Mr. Swiveller, "plenty more where that came from." The landscape is dreary enough in all conscience, and the thought of men passing their nights in such weather in the trenches, with no warmer couch than a snow-drift, and no other roof than the dull and gloomy canopy of heaven, may well awaken a feeling of self-reproach in the Sybarites at home, who shiver before the ruddy glow of a sea-coal fire, and starve beneath piles of blankets heaped Pelion on Ossa. But more cheering reflections arise as we watch that long line of horse and foot men, of mules and beasts of burden, struggling with and staggering under the weight of an unwonted load, almost exceeding their diminished powers of endurance, yet far too precious to be rashly cast away. For the warm clothing so "long looked for" has "come at last"—the terrible disaster involved in the distressing fate of the Prince is at length retrieved—the hardy sons of Britain, whose iron constitutions have borne up against sickness and exposure, shall yet experience warmth and comfort, of which they had long despaired. Slowly, partially, and scantily indeed are the first supplies distributed; for awhile even the hospitals are but shabbily supplied; frost-bite must still claim its victims; and the hardships of winter must drag on a lingering existence ere they vanish for ever in the genial presence of spring. But the worst is over. '*Hambre que espera hartura*," says the

Spanish proverb, "*no es hambre.*" Hunger, with a leg of mutton in the perspective, is hunger no more; and many a poor fellow, who looked with eyes of envy on his more fortunate and warmly clad comrade, may have derived support and courage under delay and disappointment from the thought that his own turn was not far distant, and that his weary warfare with the elements was well-nigh ended.

This picture, with its double tale of sufferings gone by and of present succour and relief, has also like all human scenes its grotesque side. This is furnished by the strange and uncouth appearance of the men and animals, whose identity is obscured, confused, and at times annihilated by the vast accumulations of skins and furs under which they labour on the road. "This drawing," says Mr. Simpson, "is no caricature of life as it appeared during the winter season in the Crimea. The strange-looking animal in the foreground is a mule laden with buffalo-hides; behind which is a soldier bearing sheep-skin cloaks; the Hussar behind him is one of Lord Cardigan's regiment.

"A little on the road in front, and recognisable by his helmet, is one of the Heavy Cavalry, employed at this time in pulling up half-famished mules to the camp, laden with the wood for the huts; the figure encumbered with coats, shoes, and flannel comforters, is one of the 'Guards.'"

Such were the fantastic forms evoked by the genius of Winter; and, while we may now afford to bestow a smile on the ludicrousness of the spectacle, none will forbear a prayer that no British Army may ever again go through the tragic scenes of which this drawing preserves but a passing episode.

CAMP OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

We are here gratified with a peep at the local habitation of "Jack ashore." With his usual handiness and ready adaptation to circumstances, he has a thousand little contrivances for making himself at home in his unaccustomed mode of life, and in and around those symmetrical rows of neat-looking tents there is abundance of knick-knacks and devices for comfort, of which dwellers in camp have usually no notion. As we gaze upon the well-remembered scene, crowds of grateful recollections come back upon us; the unfailing welcome, the flowing hospitality, the un-

of the town, in which General Eyre so gallantly and successfully established himself during the unfortunate attack of the 18th June. The valley on the right of the picture, and which divided the English and French attacks, is still studded with a few trees, whose tops and branches, like every other feature of the landscape, are covered deep with snow. A working party is busily employed in labours which soon render those engaged in them insensible to cold, while the guard of the trenches, with their muskets piled against the parapet, are condemned to a state of inaction which demands, evidently not in vain, a recourse to artificial means of promoting that genial circulation of the blood, without which the hardships of so severe a service are liable to be terminated by a "relief," sometimes deemed even more welcome than the arrival of comrades in the regular course of duty.

One characteristic group, a little to the right of the others, must not be passed over unnoticed. Three French riflemen, under the shelter of a projection of the rock, are eagerly on the watch for the chance of a shot at the enemy; and woe to the unwary Russian, who, looking over a parapet, or peeping through an embrasure, shall bring himself within range of those ready rifles, for they are wielded by hands which never tremble, and directed by eyes which never err; and the bullet which speeds from their deadly grooves is urged on its flight by the breath of the destroying angel.

HEAD OF THE HARBOUR, SEBASTOPOL.

This is a scene of tranquil beauty and repose, heightened rather than diminished by the evidences everywhere presented to the eye that here, as all around, War claims the landscape as his own. The lazy stream of the Tchernaya creeping into the blue placid waters of the bay; the rounded outlines of the hills, stretching away in gentle undulations to the horizon; the passing shower over Inkermann East Lighthouse, and which, with a few fleecy clouds, breaks up and relieves the monotony of the azure vault; — all these are contrasted, and yet blended, with the harder forms of batteries and earthworks, and with the picturesque yet significant puffs of whitest smoke which issue here and there from their guns. The most important of these works, at the time of the execution of the drawing, was

the New Mortar Battery, on the extreme right, which it was supposed would destroy not only the Lighthouse Batteries, but the shipping in the harbour. The latter portion of the task has been fully accomplished, though by other means; and perhaps the principal interest of the picture now attaches to the *rapprochement* of the English works of attack and the Russian batteries on the north side of the harbour, which have afforded a temporary and precarious shelter to the vanquished defenders of the town. Three of these are here shown; namely, two on the left, close to Inkermann West Lighthouse, and a third on the hill in the centre; but the chain of defences is prolonged westward till they terminate at Fort Constantine.

The Tchernaya, or black water, derives its name from the sluggish character of its current—the Orientals, both Turks and Russians, being accustomed to denominate all slow and turbid streams black, while those which flow rapidly are called white. When Dr. Koch visited Sebastopol, he rowed up the Tchernaya, which he found near its mouth fully deserving of its name, as he states it to have been filled with muddy, marshy water, and choked up with reeds and various aquatic plants. The desperate conflict of the 16th of August, in which the Russians displayed more than their usual obstinacy and contempt of death, charged the dull colour of the waters with the bright red hues of human blood, and impeded the course of the current with the innumerable corpses of the devoted men whom the fierce legions of Gaul hurled back into the river from their vain and fruitless attack.

GRAVES AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOUR OF BALAKLAVA.

War has its victims other than those who perish by the sword and bullet; fever and cholera are ever in its train, and not unfrequently carry off those whose vocation is not in the battle-field, for whom alive there are no laurels, and dead no glory. At Balaklava there are many graves whose tenants were of this class, men who perished at their post and in the faithful discharge of their duty, and who sacrificed their lives to their country as surely and not less heroically than the soldier who falls at the summit of the breach he has mounted, and with the shout of victory ringing in his ears. A few of these narrow resting-places are marked by

GRAVES AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOUR OF BALAKLAVA

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA

Sketched From the Deck of H.M.S. Sidon

W. Simpson del. T. Jones sculp.

London, Pubd by Colnaghi & Co.

Lemercier Imp. Paris

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA

Sketched from the deck of H.M.S. Sutlej

unpretending head-stones, with a brief and simple inscription, but the majority are undistinguished, save in the memory of those who mourn their occupiers. It is at the funeral of one of the humbler of those whose remains lie thickly around, close to the calm basin whose waters are crowded with so many evidences of activity and life, that we are here invited to attend. The body of a sailor from one of the ships in the harbour has just been consigned to the earth, and, as the clergyman with bare head reads the impressive and pathetic burial service of the Church, the rough and often thoughtless children of the deep, whose hands have fashioned the grave to which they have borne their comrade, listen with bowed heads and with mingled feelings of reverence and sorrow to the solemn teachings of the holy rite. They think with full hearts of him who is gone from among them, whose earthly voyages are for ever ended, and who has attained the last and surest haven from the storms and shipwreck of the troubled sea of life. Or they muse, perhaps, on the fate which has laid him under a hostile soil and in a foreign land, far from the quiet village home and the peaceful churchyard, under whose green turf he may have fondly dreamed to seek repose in the evening of his days. Meanwhile the ceaseless bustle of the road hard by goes on, uninterrupted for a moment even by a scene like this; the living stream of energy and hope flows on careless of the dead who so near

> "Lie unknown and unnoticed.—
> Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
> Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;
> Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
> Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
> Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA.

SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF H. M. S. SIDON.

All our acquaintance with Sebastopol has hitherto been formed from various points in the Allied position on the South side, and the reader, who has accompanied us thus far in the series, must be tolerably conversant with the relative situations of the works of attack and defence, as well as

EMBARKATION OF THE SICK AT BALAKLAVA.

drawing gives a correct idea of what are termed 'the heights above Sebastopol.' They are the greyish-green ground between the long wall and the snow-covered mountains in the distance; the highest point of this ground being 'Cossack' or 'Shell Hill' exactly over the building with the green roof, the field of Inkermann being just in the hollow. To the right, between that and the next eminence on the southern side of it, precisely between the two lines to which the flags are attached, is the position of the camp of the Second Division. Over fort Saint Nicholas is the Inkermann West Light, from which the Russians can throw shells upon Cossack Hill; upon the higher ground behind is the Inkermann East Light. The foreground represents the deck of Her Majesty's ship Sidon, engaged in the blockade of the port of Sebastopol; the two flags being hoisted are part of a sentence, and express the word 'Russians,' the men being engaged in reporting to the Admiral of the Fleet the arrival of some of the enemy's troops and waggons."

EMBARKATION OF THE SICK AT BALAKLAVA,

LOOKING SOUTH.

Amongst the many offices of friendship and good-fellowship which their superiority in numbers enabled the French to render us during the winter, none was of more value or more highly appreciated than the assistance afforded by them in conveying our sick to Balaklava. Decimated as was the British army by disease, worn out by fatigue and privation, and occupying a position to whose enormous extent their diminished numbers were daily becoming more and more inadequate, the exigencies of the siege, and the still more pressing necessity of supplying hour by hour "all life needs for life," taxed their overstrained energies to the utmost, and left but a small margin of available means for the transport of the sick, who at times accumulated in the field-hospitals in a proportion which bade fair to outnumber their still healthy comrades. In this trying conjuncture our warm-hearted Allies came to the rescue, and for many weeks long trains of

W. Simpson, del.. E. Jones, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

A QUIET NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

Greenhill Battery (Major Chapman's) 20th Jan.y 1855

and whose consoling accents calmed the troubled spirit in the hour of distress and anguish—who stayed not day or night in her ceaseless labour of love, until she herself well-nigh fell a victim to her care for others.

The drawing represents the Sick Wharf at the moment of embarkation, and the spectator is supposed to be looking in the direction of Kadikoi and the Camp. The Naval Officer in charge, in the foreground, who is supporting the sick soldier into the boat, is Lieutenant Goss. On the right of the picture is Dr. Costello, and behind him Dr. Anderson. The large building on the hill-side, in the background, is the General Hospital at Balaklava.

A QUIET NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

A SKETCH IN THE GREENHILL BATTERY (MAJOR CHAPMAN'S), 29TH JANUARY, 1855.

This picture forms the pendant to that entitled "A Quiet Day in the Batteries," which has already been noticed. A full moon pours its broad calm radiance on the landscape, shedding "beauty and deep softness" even on the stern interior of a battery. The brightness of the atmosphere renders alike impossible the stealthy sortie of the garrison and the furtive labours of the working party, and the guns, which have neither friend to shelter nor foe to repel, have stilled for a moment their iron-throated clamours, and left free utterance to the truer and holier, but too often unheard, "voices of the night." Leaning against the traverses, or stretched on the ground, with a gun-platform for a pillow, the defenders of the work are enjoying a repose troubled by no dreams of coming strife; a group of officers, amongst whom, wrapped in his ample capote, is the field-officer of the night, are whiling away the long hours in pleasant chat; while a few of the more wakeful among the men are seated round the cheerful blaze of a fire, enjoying the benign influence of the soothing weed, or absorbed in reveries of which the distant home and the absent-loved are the ever-recurring theme.

Sebastopol is not visible, but the direction in which the guns are pointed sufficiently hints its position. The gun on the right is distinguished

as No. 1 gun, No. 2 battery siege train; it weighs 56 cwt. and throws an 8-inch shot; but its powers are in abeyance, and the sand-bag with which the breech is muffled is emblematic of the lull in hostilities. Cape Chersonese is seen in the distance; and the silver-white waters of the bay, studded with ships lying peacefully at anchor, complete and sustain the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION,

LOOKING EAST. JANUARY 1855.

This is a companion picture to that of the First Division Camp, and, like it, requires but little explanation. The main features of the landscape are the same, relieved, however, by the bold forms of the high range of hills in the background. The camp of the First Division is now seen in the distance, on the far edge of the plateau, and between it and the windmill is a camp of Zouaves. This windmill was one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the position, and of inestimable value to a bewildered wanderer amongst the mazes of tents which stretched for miles away in every direction, with a provoking uniformity not unfrequently puzzling to the "oldest inhabitants" of the camps. Not the least comfortless among the numerous sufferers from the rigour of winter in this Ishmaelitish form of existence were the wretched horses, which may be seen picketed in various directions amongst the tents, and exposed to the bitterest weather, with but scanty clothing at the best, and too often with none whatever. Of the results of this *al fresco* stabling, with the thermometer below zero, we have already had a striking illustration. At this period many attempts at huts were beginning to spring up about the camp, but want of transport and the long distance from Balaklava rendered it almost impossible to bring up the wood for roofing them; and tents, as the reader will perceive, were still in a decided majority.

There are few amongst the British public who have not visited Chobham or Aldershot, and who are not, therefore, familiar with the picturesque appearance presented by a "canvass town" on a fine day, and beneath a summer sky. A smaller number, perhaps, are acquainted with the pecu-

W. Simpson, del. J. W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi, & Co. Day & Son, lith. to the Queen.

THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION, LOOKING EAST.

January 1855.

W. Simpson del. W. L. Walton lith. Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

THE RUINS OF [illegible]

liarly unreal and phantasmagoric aspect of tents at night before the lights are extinguished; but only those who have witnessed it can form an idea of the dreary and desolate-looking objects they become with a leaden sky above them, and the snow lying thickly around. In recalling the misery of which this gloomy exterior was but the type, we may well congratulate ourselves on the fair prospect of winter quarters this year for our gallant Army in the Crimea.

THE RUINS OF INKERMANN, AND CITY OF CAVERNS.

Inkermann, or, as its name imports, the City of Caverns, has long furnished material for antiquarian discussions, the merits of which are not even in the present day decided.

"At the distance of a quarter of a mile across the valley," says Mr. Russell, "the sides of the mountains, opposite to the ridge of the plateau on which our camp stands, rise abruptly in sheer walls of rock, slab after slab, to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet. A road winds among those massive precipices up to the ruins of Inkermann—a city of the dead, and gone, and unknown—where houses, and pillared mansions, and temples, have been hewn out of the face of the solid rock by a generation whose very name the most daring antiquaries have not guessed at."

The general opinion however among modern travellers appears to be, that these singular excavations were the work of monks or persecuted Christians, Arians probably, under the Byzantine Empire. The caves consist of chambers with Gothic windows cut out of the solid stone, of churches, chapels, monasteries, and sepulchres, all executed with the most elaborate care and skill. In these strange and inaccessible retreats it is conjectured that the schismatic inhabitants of the Chersonese sought and obtained refuge from the persecutions of the dominant and intolerant Greek Church. The largest chapel, the front of which is seen in the drawing immediately under the ruins, presents all the features of Byzantine architecture, and is about twenty-four feet long by twelve broad. Sarcophagi, usually quite empty, have been found in many of the cells: these latter are often connected with each other, and are approached by stairs cut in the living rock. Such are the caves of Inkermann:—the origin of

the ruined fortress, which crowns the cliff out of which they are hewn, is buried in obscurer doubt and in a remoter antiquity. By some it is believed to have been raised by the Greeks, others assert that it was a Genoese stronghold, while Dr. Grant assumes with confidence that it was the work of Diophantes, the General of Mithridates, and called by him Ctenos, or Eupatoria. However this may be, the absence of any reliable tradition as to its date, seems to favour the hypothesis which throws that date the farthest back. On the opposite side of the valley is a portion of the aqueduct, which fills the docks of Sebastopol with the waters of the Tchernaya. This aqueduct or canal is twelve miles long, and pierces the cliff at the point where it is lost to sight by a magnificently constructed tunnel, three hundred yards in length. At the back of the arches is a deep ravine or quarry, from whence the materials for building the City of Sebastopol were drawn, with the advantage of water-carriage for them the whole way. Skirting the quarry, the Inkermann road traverses the foreground; here our outlying pickets are posted, the smoke from their fires curling round the cliff on the right. Above them is the advanced French picket of Zouaves. On the high cliff above the picket is a four-gun battery, from which the Russians fire into the camp of the Second Division, and annoy our outlying pickets. The foregrounds of this view, of that representing the head of the harbour, and of the view of Sebastopol from the East, are in each case at the rear of the Russian position at the battle of Inkermann.

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CAMP,

LOOKING SOUTH.

The portion of the defences of the rear of our position between Balaklava and Kadikoi was entrusted during the winter to a battalion of the Rifles, to the Marines who had been landed from the ships of war, and to the Highland Brigade, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell. Besides these a certain number of Turks held part of the position, and if, after their conduct on the 25th of October, only doubtful reliance could be placed on their fighting qualifications, it

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CAMP

looking South

cannot be denied that they rendered the most essential service by aiding in the construction of the admirable lines of Balaklava, whose strength was so evident, that the Russians never attempted to assail them subsequently to that date. These Turks must not be confounded with the veterans of Omer Pasha, who made so gallant and successful a stand against the Russians on the Danube; the former being only raw levies, hastily gathered together at Constantinople, and few of whom probably had seen a shot fired before they landed in the Crimea.

The lines of defence, which may be traced from the foreground of the picture to the point where they disappear round the shoulder of the summit of the opposite hills, consisted of a high and solid embankment, with a deep ditch or trench in front of it, strengthened by batteries in all the most commanding situations. On the summit itself there is a redoubt, surrounded by the camps of the Rifles and Marines. Below these, on the left, may be observed a camp of Zouaves, and, still more to the left, the camp of the 79th Highlanders. At the foot of the next eminence, and on a detached hillock below it, on the left, is seen the camp of the 42nd Highlanders. On the top of the hillock to the right of this stands the chapel of St. Elias.

Below the hillocks, and between them and the trenches, are the tents of the Turks, and the curious mud-huts or caves in which they burrowed during the winter, but which were destroyed in the spring by Omer Pasha's orders, when he assumed the command. On the right of the second hillock, and just above the railway, which with the road from Balaklava is seen winding through the valley towards the front, are the tents and huts of the 71st Highlanders. The huts in the foreground form the camp of the 93rd Highlanders, on the right of which are some more Turkish tents.

The square building on the extreme right is the Head-quarters of Sir Colin Campbell; who is seen standing in the foreground, in conversation with Major Gordon, the officer in the sheepskin coat. The other officers composing the Staff may be thus distinguished. Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling is leaning on the gun nearest to the spectator, with a telescope in his hand; standing against the second gun is Capt. Mansfield, A.D.C.; next to him in a sitting posture, Major Shadwell, A.Q.M.G.; and on his left Capt. Maxwell.

The harbour and shipping at Balaklava, shut in by the hill on which are the Genoese forts, are visible in the distance.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.

The history of this extraordinary undertaking is well known. When first suggested it was regarded by many with suspicion and distrust, as a visionary and impracticable scheme, resulting from ignorance of the different exigencies of a country in a high state of civilization, and which for forty years had enjoyed profound peace, from those of an invaded and far-distant land, on which the assailants could only maintain a precarious footing by mere force of arms. The Russians, it was contended, would never permit such a work to be accomplished; its progress would be interrupted and delayed by frequent attacks, while those engaged in its construction would be constantly harassed and annoyed, and in all probability many of them carried into captivity. The country, too, was not adapted for the construction of a railroad—the gradients would be too steep, the soil too treacherous; while the heavy rains, which were known to deluge the Crimea at that season of the year, would either prevent its being made at all, or render it entirely useless when made.

Such were the objections started by those who never believe in the possibility of success until after its achievement, and who are then sure to wonder that any doubts could ever be entertained of results, which from the first were palpable to *them*. If, as is well known to have been the case, the expedition itself was judged in this unfair spirit, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the projected railway should have been criticised in a similar strain. The then government, however, wisely closed its ears to these lugubrious croakings and sinister predictions; and, appreciating at a glance the immense importance of the advantages which would accrue both in the comfort of the army and the more vigorous prosecution of the siege from so vast an increase in the means of transport, it closed gladly and at once with the proposals of Messrs. Peto, Betts, and Brassey. These gentlemen, who were already widely known from the gigantic scale on which they had contracted for works of a similar nature in various parts of the world, offered to construct a double line of rails from Balaklava to head-quarters, and to such other points in the front as might the most facilitate the operations of the Commissariat. In the most liberal and patriotic

W. Simpson del. W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.

Looking South.

spirit, they declined to derive any pecuniary benefit from the transaction, demanding only to be reimbursed the expenses they should actually incur. They were to engage the whole of the staff, including a large body of the herculean labourers technically known as "Navvies," for whom they established a separate Commissariat, totally independent of the Government; and were to convey to Balaklava in ships freighted by themselves all the necessary *matériel*, including rails, sleepers, stationary engines, &c. &c.

How well and how rapidly they redeemed all their pledges it is unnecessary to dwell on; suffice it to say, that, within three short months from the sailing of the first of their ships, the railway was in full operation in conveying to the front enormous quantities of clothes, provisions, and munitions of war. It has been frequently supposed that the trucks were drawn by locomotive engines, but this is an error; the great steepness of the gradients not rendering this mode of traction desirable. At first the huge cart-horses, which may be seen similarly employed in England on railways in the course of construction, were alone used to drag the trains up—but it was soon found from experience that mules were easily taught the peculiar kind of action necessary to clear the sleepers and to get the train into motion, and they were consequently very extensively used in the service. Where the incline was beyond the powers of these animals, stationary engines, fitted with a sort of endless rope, supplied their place. In returning the trucks descended merely propelled by their own momentum, and the peculiar rapid rattle of the wheels thus induced used to recall irresistibly the memory of home, and of scenes to which sounds like these were a familiar accompaniment.

The point of view selected by the artist is where the railway leaves the town of Balaklava, and passes the thickly-crowded harbour. The turbaned figures in the foreground to the left of the picture are Croats; those on the right are of the native Tartar population.

SAN FRANCIS

W. Simpson, del. — T. Jones, lith. — London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. — Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE NEW WORKS AT THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL ON THE RIGHT ATTACK.

From the Mamelon Battery on the right of the Inkerman Ravine.

W. Simpson del. T. Jones lith. London, P. & L. Colnaghi & Co. London, Day & Son Lith.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Christmas, even in the Crimea, if we may credit the story told by the spirited and inspiriting sketch now before us, might almost be apostrophized in the very language in which Sappho celebrated the praises of Hesperus. The season and the hour combine in

> " bringing all good things,
> Wine to the thirsty—to the hungry cheer ;"

and though intervening seas, and Circumstance—more relentless than the ocean itself—deny the absent to the warm embrace and the hearty grasp of home-keeping friends, the

> " Soft hour, which wakes the wish and melts the heart,"

reunites them once more in an incorporeal bond of sympathy, defying alike distance and time.

What though the wintry blast howl without, drowned at intervals by the sullen thunder of uninterrupted warfare ; what though hardships and sufferings be in the background, and a doubtful future in the perspective ; what though some of the convivial party shall perchance only quit the festive board for the danger-fraught monotony and the bitter cold of the trenches ; one interval shall at least be snatched from the reign of carking anxiety, one hour at least devoted to the sacred memories of home, and to the genial duties of mirth and good fellowship. Such would seem to have been the thoughts of the group of Officers of the Third Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to whose Christmas dinner in an enemy's country we are here honoured with an invitation. Honoured, indeed, if there be honour in the society of men who have braved with unquailing courage all that war has of most repulsive as well as of most terrible in its aspect, and who have relinquished at the call of duty, and without a murmur, all that civilized life has to offer of most seductive to the young, the wealthy, and the gay.

The interior of the tent in which these votaries of old Father Christmas are assembled is a happy illustration of how much may be accomplished with slender materials, when the heart is in the work. In

W. Simpson del.—E. Jones lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE EAST, OR EXTREME RIGHT OF ENGLISH ATTACK.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE EAST,

OR EXTREME RIGHT OF ENGLISH ATTACK.

This is another near and interesting view of Sebastopol itself, as distinguished from its defences. Mr. Simpson's description of this drawing has already been published, and we will venture to reintroduce it here, in his own words. He says:—

"You will perceive two building-sheds, like those at Deptford or Woolwich; to the left of them is a church; a little higher up, more to the left, are some very white-looking buildings, which I understand to be the barracks; immediately above them, to the left, is a Grecian Doric building, surrounded with columns like the Parthenon; I have heard it called the public library, or military library, I am not certain which; just beneath this building commences a long ridge of high ground, which has been made into one mass of earthen fortifications, and at which they are still working. While I was sketching I could see large masses of men at work on them. At one end of this ground are the remains of the Round Tower. All along the side of the town is a continuous line of fortifications, trenches, and batteries, down close to the harbour. On the extreme left of the picture I have indicated a Russian battery by the smoke of its guns; this is what they call the Flag-staff Battery; it is in front of the French attack.

"If you look close, you will see in the distance Cape Chersonese, the lighthouse, and the French fleet. In the middle distance you will observe a long track studded with little spots like buttons; these are the outlying Russian pickets; behind every one of these lurk their riflemen, and the entire length of the left side of the valley is occupied by them. At times they venture up on the side of the valley to the right, and then occurs the scene, which I have given in the foreground, of our men skirmishing away to receive them, each side skulking behind stones, or whatever else offers a shelter.

"Besides the forts on the North side there are a great many earthen works thrown up—I have indicated most of them; there is a tolerably large village on the North side. In the foreground are the parallels which are now being constructed.

"I have put every ship exactly as I saw it on the first day of the year."

VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BALAKLAVA,

LOOKING TOWARDS SEBASTOPOL.

SHOWING THE GROUND OF THE BATTLES OF THE 25TH OCTOBER AND OF THE 5TH NOVEMBER, 1854, AND THE LINE OF OUR DEFENCES SINCE THE 25TH OF OCTOBER.

This view, which is taken from the Camp of the Marines situated on an eminence above Balaklava, which from its commanding height was generally known as the "Crow's Nest," is very interesting, as presenting at a glance the whole of the plateau occupied by the Allies on the South side of Sebastopol, the fields on which three important battles were fought, and the line of defences protecting the position in the rear. The peculiar form of the Heracleotic Chersonese, and the frequent undulations of the ground, made it always difficult from the valley to realize correctly the bearings of many of these points; but from an altitude such as this the case is different, and the reader, who will have the patience to accompany us in the following explanation of the elaborate details of Mr. Simpson's drawing, will obtain a more accurate notion of the conformation of the country, than is possessed by many who passed months in the Camp. Starting then from the extreme right of the drawing, the first object which arrests our attention is a conical-shaped hill, under the shoulder of which nestles the picturesque little village of Kamara, occupied by the Sardinians from the date of the Allied advance on the Tchernaya. Below the village, and almost in a line with it to the left, are the peculiar-looking hillocks or mounds on which were erected the redoubts captured from the Turks at the commencement of the battle of Balaklava. Behind the right-hand one of these hillocks winds the road leading to Mackenzie's Farm, and which crosses the valley of the Tchernaya. Between the road and the redoubts is the ground of the Light Cavalry charge. Just in front of the left-hand redoubt is the point at which the 93d Highlanders received the Russian Cavalry in line. In a straight line from this, but considerably more to the left, is the ground of the Heavy Cavalry charge. Still more to the left, and on the side of the opposite range of hills, is the camp of the 93d, forming two sides of a triangle, and defended by a breastwork. Immediately below, and slightly to the left, lies the village of Kadikoi, past which winds the road from Balaklava to the front. The Genoese fort on the extreme left marks the position of Balaklava itself, and nearly in the centre of a line drawn from hence to the tents of the 93d is seen a

W. Simpson del. F. Jones lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BALAKLAVA LOOKING TOWARDS SEBASTOPOL.

Shewing the ground of the battles of the 25th Octr and of the 5th Novr 1854, and the line of our defences since the 25th Octr.

W. Simpson del.. E. Walker, lith.

London: P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

EXCAVATED CHURCH IN THE CAVERNS AT INKERMANN

Looking West

French camp. Returning now to the valley of the Tchernaya, the ground on this side of the river rises gradually towards the left, till it reaches the abrupt shoulder of the cliff at Inkermann, in front of which, and still following the same direction, is the field of that great battle. Further on in the same line the Woronzoff Road leads up to the heights before Sebastopol, the precise situation of which may be determined by carrying a line from a point slightly to the left of Kadikoi to the horizon. Sebastopol itself is nearly in the centre of the belt of smoke on the sky-line. The extreme north-western projection of the plateau to the sea is Cape Fiolente. The foreground is occupied by the Camp of the Marines, protected by powerful batteries, no less than by the natural strength of the heights; and between the Marines and the 93d are descried the Camps of the 42d and 79th Highlanders.

EXCAVATED CHURCH IN THE CAVERNS OF INKERMANN,

LOOKING WEST.

"There can be no doubt that the remains here represented are those of a church, the plan of which, running east and west, can be clearly seen; the arch on the right must have formed one of the transepts. The external front has fallen down, but in parts, towards the outside, the arches, and in some places the mouldings upon them, can be easily traced. One of the side-chambers still bears evidence of having been decorated with paintings. These caverns are in the hands of the French, who have built up walls in the openings, and left loop-holes in them, from which they keep up a constant fire on the Russians, who are similarly fortified in the caves on the opposite side of the river. One of these loop-holed walls has been thrown up where the front of the church formerly stood, and the Chasseurs de Vincennes keep sentry at the spot. In the view, looking out of the church, the Inkermann West Lighthouse is almost visible; it is on the southern extremity of the most distant ridge of land. Across the flat ground is the road which passes the head of the harbour; the stream running by it is the Tchernaya." Dr. Koch visited a crypt on this side of the river which he was informed had been a church, but does not seem to have found any traces of sculpture or other ornaments,—a fact which he accounts for from the quality of

the stone, which he states to be the same soft marl out of which a portion of the tunnel of the aqueduct is excavated, and which would therefore soon yield to the destroying influences of time. It is probable, however, that he never saw the subject of this drawing, and only entered another portion of the caverns.

The extreme contrasts of light and shade in this sketch will not fail to strike the reader, as well as the peculiar effect of the bold forms of the rock blending insensibly with the work of man, and thrown out and relieved against the deep blue of the sky beyond.

A HOT DAY IN THE BATTERIES.

This view gives a vivid idea of the interior of a Battery during one of the active periods of the bombardment.

It is a scene of bustle and excitement, strongly contrasting with the quiet days of which we have already had an illustration. The Battery teems with life and energy. On every side men and officers are seen busily employed in laying, loading, and firing the stupendous guns with which the work is armed. Vast clouds of thick white smoke, issuing from their muzzles, announce in rapid succession the departure of some swift-winged messenger of death. Answering puffs start from the whole line of the enemy's defences from right to left.

Shells are bursting in every direction, and the tremendous contest is urged with equal ardour and determination on either side. The wind blows the smoke away from the town, and Sebastopol, with its magnificent public buildings, its proud forts, its placid harbour, and its numerous fleet, is distinctly visible as the sulphurous cloud rolls sullenly away to leeward. The view is taken from the left of the Twenty-one Gun Battery, just at the entrance to it from the Woronzoff Road, which runs at the bottom of the hollow on the left.

In the foreground are one 13-inch and two 10-inch mortars, and to their right the siege-train guns, and those of the Naval Brigade. In front of the battery extends our second parallel, and in the hollow beyond is a third or fourth line of trenches. The reader will easily recognise the Redan in the great mass of batteries and embrasures towards the centre, nor will he have forgotten the appearance of the

A HOT DAY IN THE BATTERIES.

W. Simpson del.—E. Walker, lith.

London P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Lev. & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

A BATTALION IN THE TRENCHES.

Barrack Battery on his left, or the Malakoff on the right. The barracks, Forts Saint Paul and Saint Nicholas, and the other great buildings of the town, have been so frequently pointed out, that any fresh indication of their relative positions would be superfluous. The bit of water visible at the end of the Woronzoff Road is the head of the Dockyard Creek.

A HOT NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

This vivid portrayal of the appearance of a battery at night, during one of the severe bombardments, is taken from a portion of the Greenhill Battery, or left attack.

The gun in the foreground, which is being charged, is No. 7 gun; No. 6 is the next, which the captain of the gun is in the act of laying; No. 5 is the siege-train gun, which has just been discharged. Next to this is a little hut constructed against the traverse by the men to shelter themselves from the weather during the "quiet" days or nights, as they may happen to be.

In the battery on the right are a Sapper, and some men carrying sand-bags and gabions to repair any injuries which may have been done to the embrasures.

Such are the main objects in the sketch; the occupations of the actors are much the same as on a "hot day;" the scene of their labours is identical, but night adds a wild fantastic horror to a spectacle which, even under the broad eye of day, is grand with the terrible majesty of destruction. At each discharge of the guns sheets of the most vivid flame shoot forth with inconceivable rapidity, illuminating with their fierce and lurid light the weather-beaten forms and excited countenances of the men, penetrating into every nook and corner of the battery, and revealing with startling distinctness every accident of the ground, every detail of the colossal engines to which the red glow owes its birth. Miles away to the rear, like summer lightning, are seen the continuous flashes, brightening the sky from the horizon to the zenith, and accompanied by volumes of sound which echo from the hills, fill the air, and make the earth tremble. Shells traverse the heavens in all directions, rising with a gradual and protracted flight till their twinkling fuse seems lost among the very stars, whence they descend with unerring

aim and ever-increasing momentum to the devoted spot which they are to shatter and destroy. And now a pale pinky glow diffuses itself over the lower regions of the atmosphere, and, emerging from the centre of its soft nebulous light, rocket after rocket, from the French batteries on the left, hiss like fiery serpents through the air, darting forked tongues of flame into the heart of the distracted city ; ere long a shed or a store-house is ignited in the town, and as the fire, nourished by a redoubled shower of missiles from the batteries all along the line, spreads and intensifies, the lingering spectator by the Victoria Redoubt, or on Cathcart's Hill, gazes on a scene whose brilliancy and beauty make him half unmindful of the dread meaning of sorrow and of death with which it is pregnant.

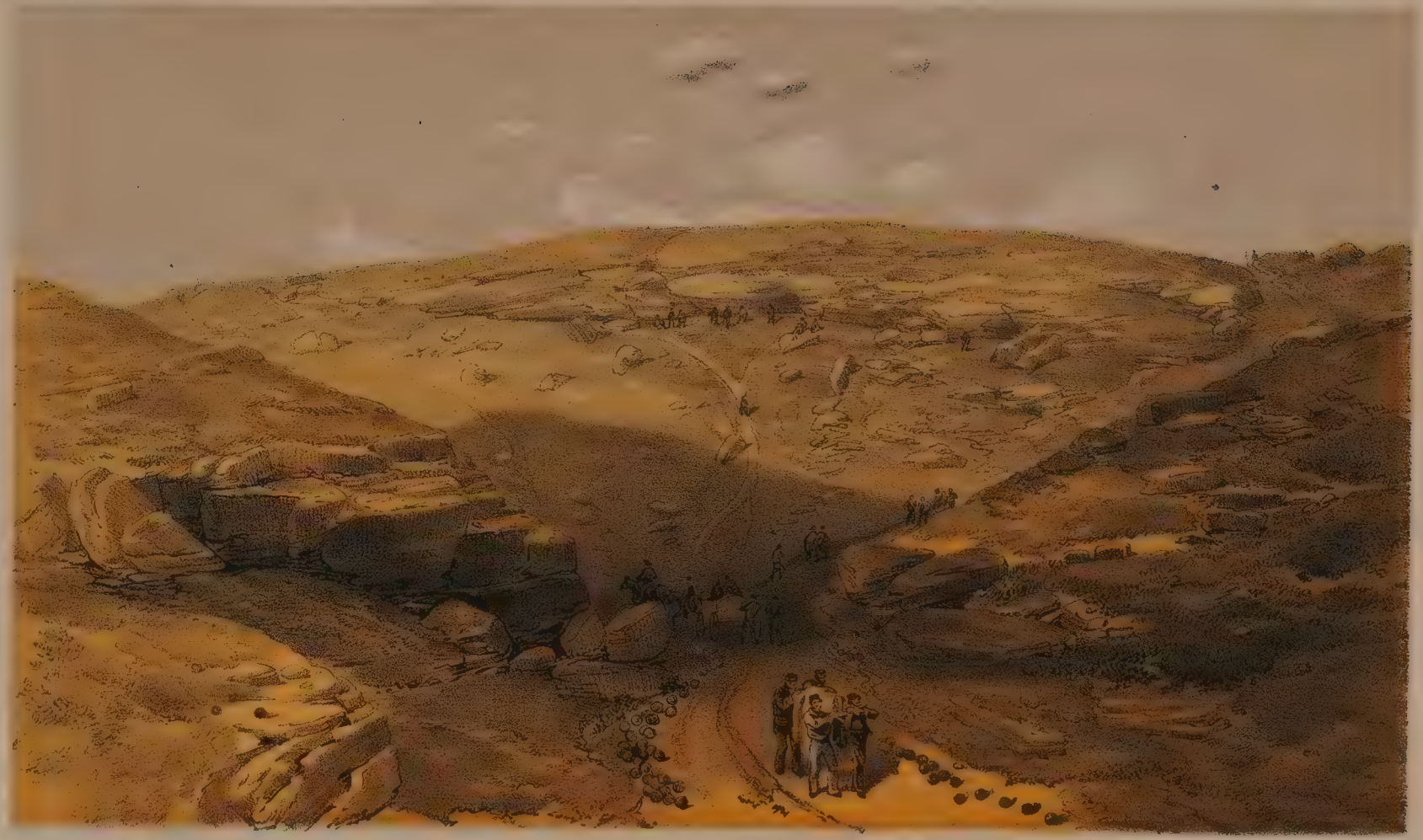
Gradually the storm of war dies away, the roar of the artillery is heard at longer intervals, the flashes intermit, the dark pall of smoke rolls slowly off to sea, and night resumes its long usurped attributes of silence and serenity.

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

CAVES IN THE WORONZOFF ROAD, BEHIND THE TWENTY-ONE GUN BATTERY.

The so-called Valley of the Shadow of Death is a ravine lying in rear of our batteries, and into which the shot and shell from the Russian works, directed at our batteries at too long a range, roll down. So vast has been the accumulation of these missiles, that an accurate description of it would appear to exceed the limits of credibility. This drawing was executed before the period of the second bombardment, and the number subsequent to that event was of course far greater. When the writer visited the Greenhill Battery in April, the whole extent of the road from side to side, for a very considerable distance, was literally paved with round-shot of all calibres, and with large and small fragments of shell, so that a horse had the greatest difficulty in picking his way through the labyrinth of obstacles thus presented.

Before witnessing the scene, he had mentally accused those who had described it to him of unconscious exaggeration ; after being ocularly convinced of their accuracy, he felt strongly the hopelessness of attempting to realise it to others. What it has now become, after several suc-



A. Cameron del. E. Walker sc.

London, F. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Caves in the Woronzoff Road behind the 21 Gun Battery

W. Simpson del. ... Needham. lith. London P & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen.

RUSSIAN RIFLE PIT.

Now part of the British advanced trenches on the left of the right attack, or Gordon's Battery.

cessive bombardments, he is forced to confess himself incapable of conceiving.

The caves in this ravine were occupied by the reserve guard of the trenches; those in the next ravine to it, which were still more spacious, were used as powder-magazines, and rendered perfectly bomb-proof by a screen of sand-bags.

The position of the battery is shown in this picture by the puffs of smoke on the horizon. On the left is seen a portion of the trench leading into the battery. The foreground is occupied by a group of men carrying away a wounded comrade on a stretcher; behind them, on the hill-side, are some others employed in a similar sad office. On the road is an artillery waggon carrying up ammunition for the battery.

RUSSIAN RIFLE-PIT,

NOW PART OF THE BRITISH ADVANCED TRENCHES, ON THE LEFT OF THE RIGHT ATTACK, OR GORDON'S BATTERY.

This is one of the pits which was taken on the night of the 19th April, when Colonel Egerton was killed; it is in the hollow between Gordon's Battery and the Redan, quite close to the Woronzoff Road. In the foreground of the drawing a group of men is seen busily engaged in filling sand-bags for the purpose of converting the pit into a trench, and connecting it with the rest of our works. In this service they are protected by a sharp fire from our rifles, directed through loop-holes *menagés* in the parapet with sand-bags. The Russians are not ignorant of what is going on, and several round-shot lying on the ground, one of which has knocked over a gabion, and a shell bursting close to the right extremity of the work, prove how anxious they are to impede the operation. The capture of this rifle-pit is thus described by Mr. Russell:—

"Last night a very gallant and brilliant little feat of arms, attended, I regret to say, by severe loss, was performed by the 77th regiment in front of our right attack. There is nothing more remarkable in the active operations of this siege than the importance of the part played by the sharp-shooters placed in those rifle-pits, which have been dug by the enemy, and which were constructed with great skill and daring, and have been defended with vigour and resolution. The pits now constructed are com-

plete little batteries for riflemen, and the fire from one well established, within 600 or 700 yards of a battery of ordnance, is sufficient to silence the guns, and keep the gunners from going near the embrasures. In front of the Redan, opposite our right attack, the Russians established some capacious pits, from which they annoyed us considerably, particularly from the two nearest us on the left-hand side. Our advanced battery, when it opened, would have been greatly harassed by this fire, and it was resolved to take the two pits, to hold that which was found most tenable, and to destroy the other. That service was effected last night. About eight o'clock the party of the 77th under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, supported by a wing of the 33rd under Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, moved down the traverses towards the rifle-pits. The night was dark and windy, but the Russian sentries perceived the approach of our men, and a brisk fire was at once opened on them by the enemy, to which the troops scarcely replied, for, firing a terrible volley, they rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, and after a short but desperate struggle, drove them out of the two pits and up the slope behind them. Once in the pits, the Engineers, Officers, and Sappers and Miners, set to work to strengthen the defences, and threw up a gabionade in front, and with great coolness and courage proceeded to connect the trench of the nearest of the rifle-pits with our advanced sap." The enemy kept up a heavy fire of round, grape-shot, and shell upon them, and about two o'clock in the morning made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to regain the pits.

"It was while setting an example of conspicuous bravery to his men that Colonel Egerton fell mortally wounded. The rifle-pit is now in our hands, and a smart fire is kept up from it. Its fire is most serviceable, not only against the embrasures of the Redan, but in reducing and disturbing the fire of the Russian rifle-pits on its flank."

The next morning the other rifle-pit, captured after a feeble resistance, was levelled and filled in with earth.

PRINCE WORONZOFF'S PALACE,

NEAR YALTA, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF THE CRIMEA.

The Castle of Alupka, the world-renowned residence of Prince Woronzoff, is situated at the base of the wild, precipitous, and barren rocks which form this part of the south-coast range of the Crimea, and whose savage

W. Simpson, del. | J. Needham, lith. | London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. | Day & Son, lith. to the Queen.

PRINCE WORONZOFF'S PALACE.

Near Yalta on the South Coast of the Crimea.

grandeur presents the most striking contrast with the exquisite beauty and luxuriant vegetation of the grounds which surround the palace, and descend in a brilliant mass of flowers and foliage to the very water's edge. These grounds, the result of twenty-five years' personal superintendence and care, exhibit one of the highest triumphs of landscape gardening, and vie with, if they do not surpass, the happiest creations of our English artists. Exotic plants of the rarest species and of the most gorgeous hues, selected with admirable taste and discrimination from the flora of Southern Europe, of the East, and even of America, clothe in beauty the gardens and terraces which slope down to the sea, climb the rugged sides of the rock, and peep out of unexpected nooks in its volcanic fissures.

Trees of the most varying foliage embosom the château, and throw out with a mass of verdure its picturesque outlines. Thick hedges of evergreens enliven the plantations, and contrast with the dark lustreless leaves of the laurel; here is a delicate-leaved acacia, there a large-flowering magnolia; the lotus-tree, the weeping ash, the silver protea, the tree of life, the shrubby jasmine, are accumulated with a profusion which would exhaust the vocabulary of a forester; and lower down the weeping willow sweeps the surface of the water with its gracefully pendulous branches. The palace, which has been designated the Alhambra of the Crimea, is thus described by Oliphant, in his "Russian Shores of the Black Sea:"—

"We descended abruptly to the Castle of Alupka, the residence of Prince Woronzoff, passing through extensive vineyards which belong to this property.

"The numerous domes and pinnacles, which peep out over the trees as we approach, indicate a palace oriental in its style and magnitude; while the glittering cupola and tapering minarets of the elegant mosque, which almost adjoins it, lead us to imagine that the noble owner of all this magnificence is Hadjy-Selim-Ghiri-Khan, at least. A few moments more, however, and we find to our perplexity, that we are driving under the lofty walls and frowning battlements of a feudal chieftain's fortress; and as we pass through the solid gateways into the spacious court-yard, and look up at the massive square tower and belfry to correspond, we find it difficult to decide whether the building before us bears most resemblance to the stronghold of the Black Douglas or the palace of the Great Mogul.

"Notwithstanding the mixture of such incongruous styles of architecture, the general effect of this splendid château is charming. The Prince has spent an almost fabulous amount of silver roubles upon the house and

grounds, and has succeeded in rearing an edifice worthy of the scenery amid which it stands. The taste displayed is unexceptionable. Placed almost upon the borders of Europe and Asia, the eastern character so strongly developed throughout the structure is most appropriate; while the dash of feudalism, as suggestive of the former uncivilised condition of the West, is a graceful allusion to the present state of that country in which it is situated."

It is only necessary to add to this felicitous little sketch, that the ships in the foreground of the drawing are a three-decker, bearing the English Admiral's flag, and a steam despatch gun-boat.

THE MONASTERY OF SAINT GEORGE AND CAPE FIOLENTE,

LOOKING WEST.

Cape Fiolente, called by the Tartars "Ai Bûrûm," or "the Holy Promontory," is believed by antiquaries to be identical with the Parthenium, or Virgin's Promontory, of the ancients. Nearly on the spot now occupied by the Monastery the temple of Diana, of which Iphigenia was the priestess, is supposed to have stood. The monastery consists of a small green-domed church, a large refectory, and some moderate-sized cells, and is ornamented by terraces and gardens constructed by the monks on the face of the cliff. This romantic spot is thus graphically described by a recent traveller in the Crimea:—

"Here stood that Temple, dedicated to Diana, in which the lovely daughter of Agamemnon, the fair Iphigenia, officiated as priestess; herself a victim offered up for immolation to the Goddess, but spared to exercise on others the cruel rites which she had fortunately escaped. Hence then were thrown the remains of those Greeks, sacrificed upon the marble altar of the Virgin, whose worship required, and whose wrath could alone be appeased by, streams of human blood. Perhaps the very spot on which we rested had oft been stained with the gore of the mangled corpses of the wretched shipwrecked mariners. We descended by a narrow zigzag path cut in the face of the mountain, on every nook or ledge of which the monks have planted trees and flowers, making little terraced gardens in the midst of the

W. Simpson. Del. — Needham. sc.

London P.S & D. Colnaghi & Co.

THE MONASTERY OF S^T GEORGE AND CAPE FIOLENTE

looking West.

THE LIGHT HOUSE AT CAPE CHERSONESE.

black charred cliffs. From the shore we looked up and perceived the Monastery, some hundreds of feet above us, and fifty feet beneath the summit of the precipice. Near to us on the right, as we faced the sea, was a great isolated basaltic rock, rising above its neighbours.

* * * * *

"The Monastery of St. George hangs as it were to the face of the cliff, and the only entrance to it is by a door and flight of steps cut in the rock at its summit.

"From a little terrace in front a magnificent view over the Black Sea is obtained."

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE CHERSONESE,

LOOKING SOUTH.

Cape Chersonese is situated at the extreme western point of the Chersonesus Heracleotica, and as this point forms also the south-western extremity of the Crimea, from which the coast trends constantly to the northward, it naturally presented a most suitable spot for the erection of the handsome stone lighthouse which is the subject of this drawing. The terrific storms which sweep over the surface of the Euxine at certain periods of the year, as well as the thick and foggy weather for which it is proverbial in winter, joined to the stern and precipitous character of great portion of the coast, render such beacons as this an indispensable necessity. Soon after the flank march from Balaklava, the lighthouse fell into the hands of a party of our sailors, who, finding it in darkness, to their great glee compelled the lighthouse-keeper to illuminate it.

After this it came of course into the possession of the French, who established their base of operations in the several bays which indent the Chersonese towards the west; and has no doubt since been of inestimable service as a guide to the innumerable fleet of transports ever departing and returning on their ceaseless errand to supply the gigantic cravings of an army, two thousand miles away from home. In the foreground of the drawing, one of these vessels, whose eccentric build and rig proclaim her at once as a Turkish craft, is being towed out by three boats' crews, so as to obtain an offing, and make a fair start.

Light fleecy clouds scudding past the crescent moon seem to give promise of a squally evening, and the already perceptible ripple on the water conveys the pleasing intelligence to our Turkish friend, that the sails he is already beginning to shake out will not flap idly against the mast for lack of a breeze. Soon the lighthouse will be far behind, and its cheering and protecting ray will sink below the distant horizon; but none the less

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light.

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

'Sail on,' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.'"

London:—Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

CAMP OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

stinting cheer, the hearty merriment, and the genial warmth of social intercourse in which we were permitted to share among these tents, are present to our mental eye, as they will ever be enshrined amongst our most cherished memories.

The most conspicuous object in this drawing is the marquee of Captain Lushington, pitched in the centre of an enclosure thrown up for its protection, in one corner of which the "Union Jack," denoting the command-in-chief, is displayed. To the right we observe a tall bell-shaped tent, which is the residence of Captain Peel, the darling of the dauntless *Koh-i-nohrs*. The group of officers in the foreground on the right consists of Mr. Maxse, the naval aide-de-camp at head-quarters; Captain Burnet, whom we have already seen in the society of our friend the 68-pounder; Captain Peel; Captain Lushington, the gallant commander of the Naval Brigade; and Captain Moorsom, the ingenious inventor of the shell which bears his name. Knots of happy-looking tars are dispersed about the camp chatting and enjoying themselves, and one minute object on the left of the drawing proves that some habits of nautical life are still preserved on shore. This is the bell with which they make the hours as on board ship, and whose clear tones are responded to with equal alacrity, whether they announce the expected and well-earned repast, or utter the never-neglected summons to the perilous and wearisome service of the batteries.

CAMP OF THE FIRST DIVISION,

LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION: THE HEIGHTS OF INKERMANN IN THE DISTANCE.

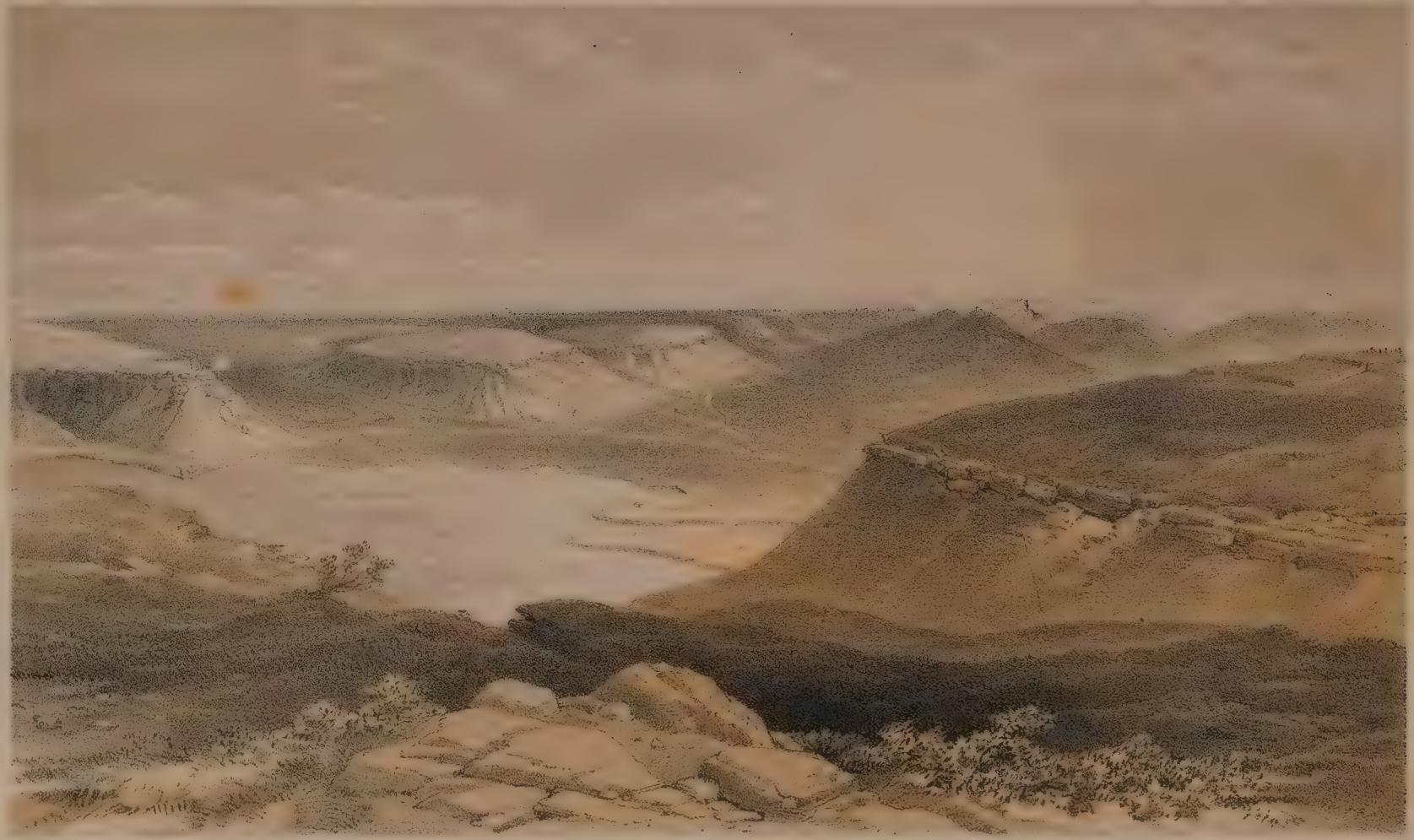
This view and that representing the camp of the Second Division have a special interest for those who had friends or relatives engaged in the great battle of the 5th November, the brunt of which was borne by these two divisions. It was from these tents, to which so many were never to return, that the brigade of Guards, roused from slumber by the sounds of a sharp musketry fire on their right, marched with dauntless hearts and unfaltering step into the very thickest and hottest of the fight. Their road lay past the tents of the Second Division, and, by carrying a straight line up from the left of the officer on horseback in the foreground to where the

W. Simpson, Jr. W. L. Walton, Del.

D&C Lonsdale & Co

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE G.G. BTY. BASTION ON THE EXTREME R...

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



91-5-675